Wallace.

The World's Classics

XXXIV

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THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST, OR

KILMARNOCK EDITION

1786

The following trifles are not the production of the Poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names (their countrymen), are, at least in their original language, 'a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.' Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a Rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his was worth showing: and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind; these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure,

nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as 'An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth.'

It is an observation of that celebrated Poet,[1] whose divine Elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species—that 'Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame.' If any Critic catches at the word *genius*, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possest of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

[1] Shenstone.

DEDICATION

TO THE SECOND, OR

EDINBURGH EDITION

1787

To the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt

My Lords and Gentlemen:

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough*; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours: that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my

Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party: and may Social-joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, *April* 4, 1787.

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POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS

THE TWA DOGS

A TALE

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride—nae pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Even wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messan.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang-syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I 've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents;
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it 's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic-like trashtrie,
That 's little short o' downright wastrie.

Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it 's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they 're fasht eneugh;
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger:
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
They 're maistly wonderfu' contented:
And buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But, then, to see how ye 're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespekit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk
As I wad by a stinkin' brock.

I 've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart 's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
He 'll stamp and threaten, curse an' swear,
He 'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches ?

LUATH.

They re no sae wretched 's ane wad think
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink ;
They 're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They 're aye in less or mair provided ;
An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side ;
An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
They 'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;
Or tell what new taxation 's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there 's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it 's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre often play'd.
There 's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha aiblins, thrang a parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say, rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying ay or no 's they bid him
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowte;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;

Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid !—for her destruction !
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction !

LUATH.

Hech man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate !
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae Courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin' ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them 's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er a bit they 're ill to poor folk.

But will you tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure ?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It 's true they needna starve nor sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
They 've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,

That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them ;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A countra fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he 's right eneugh ;
A countra girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she 's unco weel :
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
Tho' deal-haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless ;
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There 's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches ;
Ae night, they 're mad wi' drink and wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They 're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty :
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
There 's some exception, man an' woman ;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night :
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone ;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan :

When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men, but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That 's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That 's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his love or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.
SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink;
Whether thro' wimplin' worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease an' beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boilin' flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life 's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin';
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At 's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin' on a new-year mornin
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz and freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neibors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!
It 's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But mony daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' mony a pain an' brash!
Twins mony a poor, doylt, drucken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her worst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like mysel!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whisky punch
Wi' honest men.

O whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's ——!

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes's charter'd boast,
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whisky stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou 'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal 't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

'Dearest of distillation! last and best!
——How art thou lost!——'
PARODY ON MILTON.

Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Muse is hearse!
Your honours' heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin' on her ——
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin they laid that curst restriction
On aqua-vitæ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell yon Premier youth
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle deevil draw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts and pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant them;
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them.

In gath'rin' votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle,
Her mutchkin stoup as toom 's a whissle;
An' damn'd excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin' a stell,
Triumphant crushin' 't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,—
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
And plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I 'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire an' out o' sight!
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There 's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your honours, can ye see 't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I 'se warran';
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
The Laird o' Graham;
An' ane, a chap that 's damn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
An' mony ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Thee, Sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If bardies e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend your hand:
But when there 's ought to say anent it,
Ye 're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys; exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or, faith! I 'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye 'll see 't or lang,
She 'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she 's been in crankous mood,
Her lost militia fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she 's like to rin red-wud
About her whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets!

For G—d's sake, sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle House repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the caddie!
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's,
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
The coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your mither's heart support ye ;
Then, though a minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes,
That haunt St. Jamie's !
Your humble poet sings and prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys,
Tak aff their whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun 's a burthen on their shouther ;
They downa bide the stink o' pouther ;
Their bauldest thought 's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they 're aff, a' throu'ther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there 's the foe ;
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas!

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and whisky gang thegither!—
Tak aff your dram!

THE HOLY FAIR

'A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad
He wrapt him in Religion.'—HYPOCRISY À LA MODE.

I

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The rising sun owre Galston muirs
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

II

As lightsomely I glow'r'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way;
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third that gaed awee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
And taks me by the hands,
'Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

V

'My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.

I 'm gaun to Mauchline holy fair,
To spend an hour in daffin:
Gin ye 'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin'
At them this day.'

VI

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I 'll do 't;
I 'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we 'se hae fine remarkin'!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day.

VII

Here farmers gash, in riding graith;
Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin' owre the gutters;
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heapèd up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glow'r black bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they 're gath'rin',
Some carrying dails, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bleth'rin
Right loud that day.

IX

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra gentry,
There, Racer Jess, and twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
For fun this day.

X

Here, some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

XI

O happy is that man an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinking down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

XII

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation:
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.

Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
To 's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin' !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He 's stampin' an' he 's jumpin' !
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plaisters,
On sic a day !

XIV

But, hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice ;
There 's peace and rest nae langer :
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.
Smith opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals ;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs and reason ?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That 's right that day.

XVI

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
For Pebbles, frae the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum :
See, up he 's got the word o' God,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While Common-Sense has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,
Fast, fast, that day.

XVII

Wee Miller, niest the guard relieves,
An' orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes
An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
But, faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
So, cannily he hums them ;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII

Now but an' ben, the change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup commentators :
Here 's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stowp clatters ;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' logic, and wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX

Leeze me on drink ! it gies us mair
Than either school or college :
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.

Be 't whisky-gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

XX

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent,
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They 're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' forming assignations
To meet some day.

XXI

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echoes back return the shouts;
Black Russell is na spairin:
His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' Hell, whare devils dwell,
Our vera 'sauls does harrow'
Wi' fright that day.

XXII

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neibor snorin'
Asleep that day.

XXIII

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How mony stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist;
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches:
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them 't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

XXV

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXVI

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow and croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.

At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They 're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXVII

How mony hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane,
As saft as ony flesh is.
There 's some are fou o' love divine;
There 's some are fou o' brandy;
An' mony jobs that day begin
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

'O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war!'—MILTON.

I

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

II

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be;
I 'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel.

III

Great is thy power, an' great thy fame;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name:
An' tho' yon lowin heugh 's thy hame,
Thou travels far:
An', faith! thou 's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

IV

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin'
Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

V

I've heard my reverend Grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.

VI

When twilight did my Grannie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin',
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

VII

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright:
Ayont the lough,
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

VIII

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, 'quaick—quaick'
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

IX

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead.

X

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain:
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.

XI

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

XII

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin' icy-boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction;
An' nighted trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

XIII

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

XIV

When masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell.

XV

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
In shady bow'r:

XVI

Then you, ye auld, sneck-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue
(Black be your fa'!),
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
Maist ruin'd a'.

XVII

D' ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

XVIII

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl,
Was warst ava?

XIX

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

XX

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
To your black pit:
But, faith! he 'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

XXI

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibblin' on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
While Hughoc he cam doytin by.
Wi' glowrin' een an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak—
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

'Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs, an packs o' woo'!

'Tell him he was a master kin'
An' aye was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

'O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay, an' rips o' corn.

'An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail,
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they 're dead.

'My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame:
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

'An' niest, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop,
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

'Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou 'se get my blether.'

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
And clos'd her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane o' his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neibour dear
In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave herself wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed:
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile wanchancie thing—a rape!
It maks guid fellows girn and gape,
Wi' chokin' dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonnie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead!

A DREAM

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.

On reading, in the public papers, the 'Laureate's Ode,' with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following Address.—Burns.

I

Guid-mornin' to your Majesty!
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new birthday ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae birthday dresses
Sae fine this day.

II

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord an' lady;
'God save the king!'s a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;

The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III

For me, before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There 's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

IV

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V

Far be 't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI

And now ye 've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaister;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life 's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII

I 'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges
(An' Will 's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G—dsake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I 'm here, I 'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birthday.

IX

Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye?

Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

X

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I 'm tauld ye 're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

XI

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
To mak a noble aiver;
So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day.

XII

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho' a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys o' Peter,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye 'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

XIII

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
Ye 've lately come athwart her;
A glorious galley, stem an' stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out, that she 'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An' large upon her quarter
Come full that day.

XIV

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer na British boys awa,
For kings are unco scant aye;
An' German gentles are but sma',
They 're better just than want aye
On ony day.

XV

God bless you a' ! consider now,
Ye 're unco muckle dautit;
But ere the course o' life be thro',
It may be bitter sautit:
An' I hae seen their coggie fu',
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautit
Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION

DUAN FIRST

The sun had clos'd the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tirèd me;
And when the day had clos'd his ee,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and e'ed the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
And done naething,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clerkit
My cash account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, Blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the sneck did draw:
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye needna doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glow'r'd as eerie 's I 'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And steppèd ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs,
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows—
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token:
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken.

A 'hair-brain'd, sentimental trace'
Was strongly markèd in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
'Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it,
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head:
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Southron foes.

His Country's Saviour, mark him well!
Bold Richardton's heroic swell;
The chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck, reverential awe
The learnèd sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw;
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye:
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly seeming Fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet:—

'All hail! my own inspirèd bard!
In me thy native Muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

'Know, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

'They Scotia's race among them share;
Some fire the soldier on to dare:
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
The tuneful art.

''Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits, pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the hand.

'And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage,
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

'Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspirèd tongue;
Hence sweet, harmonious Beattie sung
His *Minstrel* lays;
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

'To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of humankind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they 're inclin'd
The various man.

'When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein:
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

'Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the labourer's weary toil
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

'Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

'Of these am I—Coila my name,
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays,
Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantl'd earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

'When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
In pensive walk.

'When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

'Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine:
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine—
A rustic Bard.

'To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

'And wear thou this,'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

HALLOWEEN

The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added [at the end of the volume], to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic

mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.—BURNS.

> 'Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
> The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
> To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
> One native charm, than all the gloss of art.'
> GOLDSMITH.

I

UPON that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the cove, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

II

Amang the bonnie, winding banks
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

III

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they 're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whyles fast at night.

IV

Then, first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes an' straught anes,
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wandered through the bow-kail,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, toddlin', rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've placed them
To lie that night.

VI

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn:
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost
When kiutlin in the fause-house
Wi' him that night.

VII

The auld guidwife's weel-hoorded nits
Are round an' round divided,
An' mony lads' an' lasses' fates
Are there that night decided;

Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa wi' saucy pride
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

VIII

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie ee;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
'Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see 't that night.

IX

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, an' swoor, by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
'Till white in ase they 're sobbin';
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for 't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for 't,
Unseen that night.

XI

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel:
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins graipit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII

An' aye she win't, an' aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
'Till something held within the pat,
Guid Lord! but she was quaukin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

XIII

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
'Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple at the glass
I gat frae uncle Johnnie':
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV

'Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
How daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul thief onie place,
For him to spae your fortune?

Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' died deleeret,
On sic a night.

XV

'Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,—
I mind 't as weel 's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I 'm sure
I was na past fyfteen;
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' aye a rantin kirn we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

XVI

'Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow:
He 's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;
But mony a day was by himsel,
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night.'

XVII

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense.
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try 't that night.

XVIII

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin;
The graip he for a harrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin;
An' every now an' then he says,
'Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee
As fast this night.'

XIX

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' march,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd and eerie:
'Till presently he hears a squeak.
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration;
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
'Till, stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night!

XXI

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
To win three wechts o' naething;
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:

She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca'
Syne bauldly in she enters:
A ratton rattled up the wa',
And she cried, Lord, preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin;
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
'Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlin:
But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin'!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays:
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin' dancin' dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

XXVI

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool!
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin Mar's-year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An' unco tales, an' funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery;

Till butter'd so'ens, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie !
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou 's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide 's as white 's a daisy,
I 've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonny grey :
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er tread yird ;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year.
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere :
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie!
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When we bure hame my bonnie bride:
An' sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could hae bragget wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road;
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow:
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma' droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn:
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-filled brisket,
Wi' pith and pow'r,
'Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, nor sten't, an' breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I 've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we 're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou 's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin'
For my last fow,
A heapit stimpart, I 'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We 've worn to crazy years thegither ;
We 'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
Wi' tentie care I 'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

'Let not ambition mock their useful toil ;
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.'—GRAY.

I

Mv lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end :
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise ;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

II

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

IV

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd, fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
'An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel an' assisting might:
They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright.'

VII

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

VIII

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en:
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX

O happy love! where love like this is found:
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—

'If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

X

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

XI

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin lint was i' the bell.

XII

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

XIII

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;
Or noble 'Elgin' beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
Wi' Amalek's ungracious progeny:
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

XVI

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal KING!
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:

There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with Grace Divine preside.

XIX

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An' honest man's the noblest work of God';
And certes, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

XXI

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart:
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part :
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !),
Oh, never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimenicker in a thrave
'S a sma' request :
I 'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss 't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
'Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou 's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my ee,
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear !

THE LAMENT

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR

'Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe.'—HOME.

I

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

II

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-markèd distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonising thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

III

No idly-feign'd poetic pains
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
The oft-attested Pow'rs above,
The promis'd father's tender name,
These were the pledges of my love!

IV

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown !
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone !
And must I think it ! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast ?
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

V

O ! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth !
Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth,
Her way may lie through rough distress !
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

VI

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room !
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom !

VII

The morn, that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe :
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX

O! thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway!
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X

O scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I 'll wander through;
And hopeless, comfortless, I 'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY

AN ODE

I

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh;
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!

Dim, backward, as I cast my view
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

II

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end 's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same ;
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III

How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well !
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream ;
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As, wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here
At perfidy ingrate!

V

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DIRGE

I

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,

I spy'd a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II

'Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?'
Began the rev'rend sage;
'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

III

'The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride:
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return,
And ev'ry time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

IV

'O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn

V

'Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:

But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want—oh! ill-match'd pair!—
Show man was made to mourn.

VI

'A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in ev'ry land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Thro' weary life this lesson learn—
That man was made to mourn.

VII

'Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX

'If I 'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X

'Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI

'O Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my agèd limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!'

WINTER

A DIRGE

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will!
Then all I want (O do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formèd me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786

I

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

II

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet,
The purpling east.

III

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

IV

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

v

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

vi

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

vii

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean, luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card,
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

viii

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

ix

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO RUIN

I

All hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimèd dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
O! hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclaspèd and graspèd
Within thy cold embrace!

VERSES ON A SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES

A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha' live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie 's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea!

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
In social key;
For now he 's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea!

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
An' in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' ee;
For weel I wat they 'll sairly miss him
That 's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That 's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate mony a year,
That 's owre the sea!

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu' o glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie
Tho' owre the sea!

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,

Because ye're surnam'd like His Grace ;
Perhaps related to the race ;
Then when I 'm tired—and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folks for a wamefu' ;
For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough ;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg ;
Sae I shall say, an' that 's nae flatt'rin',
It 's just sic poet, and sic patron.

The poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
He may do weel for a' he 's done yet,
But only—he 's no just begun yet.

The patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He 's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant
He downa see a poor man want ;
What 's no his ain, he winna tak it,
What ance he says, he winna break it ;
Ought he can lend, he 'll no refus 't,
Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang :
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
It 's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature :

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a winnock frae a wh-re,
But point the rake that taks the door;
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane,
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin'!
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him.
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my Dedication;
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to you:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, ever pray;
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin' I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

'May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark,
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the clerk;
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!'

I will not wind a lang conclusion
Wi' complimentary effusion;

But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more ;
For who would humbly serve the poor ?
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my FRIEND and BROTHER !

TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !
Your impudence protects you sairly :
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace ;
Tho', faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady !
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
'Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and grey as ony grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie!
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursèd speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion!
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON

I

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

II

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And, by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!

III

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

IV

And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear!

A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that 's far awa.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS

I

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells ;
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
Our lasses a' she far excels,—
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

II

She 's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

III

She 's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh ;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

IV

She 's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white, and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

V

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray ;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

VI

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

VII

Her forehead 's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

VIII

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flow'ry scene,
Just op'ning on its thorny stem;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

IX

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

X

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

XI

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

XII

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she 's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

XIII

But it 's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace ;
An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK

A TRUE STORY

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd :
Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail 't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true 's the Deil 's in hell
Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty,
I wasna fou, but just had plenty ;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel !
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker:
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' something did forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither;
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-e'en,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin'?'
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—'My name is Death,
But be na fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!'

'Guidman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we 're gree't:
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
Come, gie 's your news;
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin I was to the butchering bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain 's been laid,
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me.

'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He 's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin',
An' pouk my hips.

'See, here 's a scythe, and there 's a dart,
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
An' cursèd skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

''Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I 'm sure, I 've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care!
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

'Hornbook was by wi' ready art,
And had sae fortify'd the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
O' a kail-runt.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock:
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

'Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, an' send it,
As soon 's he smells 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He 's sure to hae:
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

'Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina of beans and pease,
He has 't in plenty;
Aqua-fortis, what you please,
He can content ye.

'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae.'

'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,'
Quo' I, 'if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
They'll ruin Johnnie!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, 'Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear:
They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
In twa-three year.

'Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I 'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' pill.

'An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

'A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well.
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was laird himsel.

'A bonnie lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame:
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame
To hide it there.

'That 's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way ;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill an' slay,
An 's weel paid for 't !
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his damn'd dirt :

'But, hark ! I 'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't ;
I 'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead 's a herrin' :
Niest time we meet, I 'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin' !'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which rais'd us baith :
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did Death.

THE BRIGS OF AYR

A POEM

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn-bush ;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field—

Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! tho' his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potato-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds, an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,

Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
[Or penitential pangs for former sins,
Led him to rove by quondam Merran Dins;]
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy Dungeon clock had number'd two,
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoll'n Firth, wi' sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd e'e:
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings he heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the gos drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid e'en:—

AULD BRIG

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank,
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
Tho', faith, that date I doubt ye'll never see—
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet—
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream,
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continu'd a'-day rains,
Wi' deep'ning deluges o'erflow the plains:
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,

Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened tumbling sea—
Then down ye'll hurl (deil nor ye never rise!)
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say 't o't!
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cuifs of later times wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection!
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!

Ye worthy Proveses, and mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye,
Ye dainty Deacons and ye douce Conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners!
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers;
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty citizens an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on damn'd new
Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through;
[That's aye a string auld doyted Grey-beards harp on,
A topic for their peevishness to carp on.]
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a citizen,' a term o' scandal;
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;

[Nae difference but bulkiest or tallest,
With comfortable Dulness in for ballast;
Nor shoals nor currents need a Pilot's caution,
For regularly slow, they only witness motion.]
Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins,
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them wi' a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common Sense for once betrayed them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell, but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet;
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung,—
Oh, had M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heav'nly band engage,
When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with High-
land rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,

Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd rocks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

THE ORDINATION

'For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the mob they hide the little giv'n.'

I

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' *Maggie Lauder*;
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
An' Russell sair misca'd her;

This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
And he 's the boy will blaud her !
He 'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

III

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the *Bangor* :
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she 'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger ;
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

V

There, try his mettle on the creed
And bind him down wi' caution,
That stipend is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion ;
And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
And punish each transgression ;
Especial, rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day.

VI

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
An' toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou 'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture 's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
And runts o' grace the pick and wale,
No gien by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

VII

Nae mair by Babel's streams we 'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin';
Come, screw the pegs, wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin';
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day!

VIII

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin';
And, like a godly, elect bairn,
He 's wal'd us out a true ane,
An' sound this day.

IX

Now, Robertson, harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever:
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they 'll think you clever:

Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X

Mutrie and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch;
Just like a winkin' baudrons:
And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstane squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

XI

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She 's swingein' through the city;
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it 's unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

XII

But there 's Morality himsel,
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions.
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin' onions!
Now there—they 're packèd aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions
Henceforth this day.

XIII

O, happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys,
That Heresy can torture:
They 'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
And cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here 's, for a conclusion,
To every New Light mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion;
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or patronage intrusion,
We 'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We 'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

THE CALF

TO THE REV. JAMES STEVEN, ON HIS TEXT

'And they shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.'
Malachi iv. 2.

RIGHT, Sir! your text I 'll prove it true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh;
For instance; there 's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco Calf!

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we 'll find,
Ye 're still as great a Stirk.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour
  Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly power,
  You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho', when some kind, connubial dear,
  Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
  A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
  To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
  To rank amang the Nowte.

And when ye're numbered wi' the dead,
  Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
  'Here lies a famous Bullock!'

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID

OR THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

My son, these maxims make a rule,
  And lump them aye thegither:
The rigid righteous is a fool,
  The rigid wise anither;
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
  May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
  For random fits o' daffin.
SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
  Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
  Your neebours' fauts and folly!

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
An' still the clap plays clatter.

II

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hidin'.

IV

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

V

See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they 're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:

O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state.
Damnation of expenses!

VI

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye 're aiblins nae temptation.

VII

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a' kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

VIII

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY

When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last

of his fields,' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'—POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil?
Or great M'Kinlay thrawn his heel!
Or Robertson again grown weel,
To preach an' read?
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
'Tam Samson's dead!'

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
In mournin' weed;
To Death, she's dearly paid the kane—
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in waefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the lodge an unco devel—
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;
When to the lochs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?—
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore;
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's hog-score—
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa—
Tam Samson's dead!

That waefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd:
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
'Tam Samson's dead!'

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
'Tam Samson's dead!'

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger—
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
'Tam Samson's dead!'

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed;
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsman wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther an' lead,
'Till Echo answer, frae her cave,
'Tam Samson's dead!'

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me;
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

EPITAPH

Tam Samson's weel worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly,
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin',
For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's leevin.

A WINTER NIGHT

'Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?'—SHAKESPEARE.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning through the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you, on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark mufflʼd, viewʼd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole:—

ʻ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heavʼn-illuminʼd man on brother man bestows.

ʻ See stern oppressionʼs iron grip,
Or mad ambitionʼs gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder oʼer a land!
Evʼn in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamperʼd luxury, flattʼry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks oʼer proud property, extended wide:
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittʼring show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance unrefinʼd,
Placʼd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

ʻ Where, where is loveʼs fond, tender throe,
With lordly honourʼs lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath loveʼs noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft pityʼs rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayʼrs!

Perhaps, this hour, in mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

'Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushèd low
By cruel fortune's undeservèd blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I heard nae mair, for chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer—
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

A PRAYER

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT

I

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know Thou wilt me hear,
When, for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

II

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke
Long, long, be pleased to spare!
To bless his filial little flock,
And show what good men are.

III

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV

Their hope—their stay—their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

V

The beauteous, seraph sister-band—
With earnest tears I pray—
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway!

VI

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven!

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST PSALM

The man, in life wherever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

II

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that 's past.

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ;
Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought ! '

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night, cut down, it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

A PRAYER

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH

O Thou Great Being ! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But, if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

TO MISS LOGAN

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT

JANUARY 1ST, 1787

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true,
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!

TO A HAGGIS

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
'Till all their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
'Bethankit!' hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH

I

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own His work indeed divine !

V

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

VI

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :
Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
Tho' rigid Law cries out, ''Twas just !'

VII

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led !

VIII

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !

From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

LINES
WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE

ON THE BANKS OF NITH

First Version

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul :—
Life is but a day at most
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the night ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam ;
Fame an idle, restless dream ;
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, the tend'rest flower of Spring !
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own ;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts—save the flower.

For the future be prepar'd,
Guard whatever thou canst guard ;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care :

Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy Trust—and thy Example, too.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide;
Quoth the Beadsman of Nithside.

ODE SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See these hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest.
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest—
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes
(Awhile forbear, ye torturing fiends);
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPODE

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now, his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright:
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heavenly light.

O DEATH, thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn!
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd!

Ye hills! near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin thro' the glade,
Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
An' mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood:
He 's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
'Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
The gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare,
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, Empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man—the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another
The world around?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH

Stop, passenger!—my story 's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast—
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart—
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
For Matthew was a kind man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot!
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

I

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

II

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis, wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

III

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang!

IV

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been:
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I 'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

V

But as for thee, thou false woman!—
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae!
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

VI

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine!
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

VII

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

LAMENT FOR JAMES

EARL OF GLENCAIRN

I

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream.
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

II

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleachèd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang:—

III

'Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the agèd year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

IV

'I am a bending agèd tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:

Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

V

'I 've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

VI

'And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride—his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my agèd ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

VII

'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake! resound thy latest lay—
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom.

VIII

'In Poverty's low, barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:

Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard, and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

IX

'Oh! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!—
O, had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

X

'The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!'

LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART.

WITH 'THE LAMENT FOR THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN'

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st I the Patron loved;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

'Of brownyis and of bogillis full is this buke.'—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearin late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men an' bonny lasses).
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A bletherin', blusterin', drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon!
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
An' at his elbow, Souter Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither!
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
An' aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
An' sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,
Despising wind, an' rain, an' fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists an' houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
An' past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
An' thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
An' near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doublin' storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmerin' thro' the groanin trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancin';
An' loud resounded mirth and dancin.

Inspirin' bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst mak us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquabae we 'll face the Devil !
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
'Till, by the heel an' hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light ;
An', wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks an' witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, an' reels
Put life an' mettle in their heels:
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, an' large,
To gie them music was his charge ;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses ;
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
And (by some dev'lish cantraip sleight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light:
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape—
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted,
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, an' curious,
The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious :

The piper loud an' louder blew,
The dancers quick an' quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
An' coost her duddies to the wark,
An' linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam ! O Tam ! had thae been queans
A' plump an' strappin' in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld an' droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench an' walie,
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
An' perish'd many a bonnie boat,
An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,
An' kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, an' she was vauntie.

Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend Grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour ;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how Nannie lap an' flang
(A souple jade she was, an' strang),
An' how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
An' thought his very een enrich'd ;
Ev'n Satan glowr'd, an' fidg'd fu' fain,
An' hotched an' blew wi' might an' main :
'Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
An' roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
An' in an instant a' was dark :
An' scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plunderin' herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief !' resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech an' hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou 'lt get thy fairin',
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
An' win the key-stane o' the brig ;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross ;
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :

The carlin claught her by the rump,
An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn;
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON

ON CROWNING HIS BUST, AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his agèd head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;
If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And faith, he 'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to one ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin'
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches!

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Afore the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguishèd the gender;
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg:
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He 'll prove you fully
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gully.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I 'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

TO MISS CRUICKSHANK

A Very Young Lady

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR

Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never mayst thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief,
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view,
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem:
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings,
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But, cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no with'ring blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE

I

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Emboldened thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-with'ring, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

II

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I 'm scorching up so shallow,
They 're left the whit'ning sands amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

III

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:

A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

IV

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say 't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

V

Would then my noblest master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He 'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

VI

The sober lav'rock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

VII

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storms ;
And coward maukins sleep secure,
Low in their grassy forms :

The shepherd here shall make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat,
From prone-descending show'rs.

VIII

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds, with all their wealth,
As empty idle care.
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

IX

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequ'ring thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

X

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

XI

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!

So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—'Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!'

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunts forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels:
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave
Scorn at least to be his slave.

LINES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace, rising on its verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glitt'ring in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half-reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

LINES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends,
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lours.
Still, thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD

Sweet flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form:
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother-plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer-morn:
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

THE WHISTLE

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
'This whistle's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, sir, or ne'er see me more!'

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

'By the gods of the ancients!' Glenriddel replies,
'Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, 'Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,'
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend?
Though Fate said—a hero shall perish in light;
So up rose bright Phœbus,—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:
'Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

'Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay:
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!'

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

A Cantata

RECITATIVO

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies;
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
She blinket on her sodger:
An' aye he gied the tozie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumous dish.
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering and swaggering
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR

TUNE—*Soldier's Joy.*

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

RECITATIVO

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore;

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out Encore !
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar :—

AIR

TUNE—*Soldier Laddie.*

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men ;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I 'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;
He ventur'd the soul, and I risket the body,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got ;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I askèd no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair ;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song ;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here 's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

RECITATIVO

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy :
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up an' made a face ;
Then turn'd, an' laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace :—

AIR

TUNE—*Auld Sir Symon.*

SIR WISDOM 's a fool when he 's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
He 's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa' to the school ;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I would venture my neck,
A hizzie 's the half o' my craft,
But what could ye other expect,
Of ane that 's avowedly daft ?

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing !
I ance was abus'd in the kirk,
For touzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer :
There 's ev'n, I 'm tauld, i' the Court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob ?
He rails at our mountebank squad—
It 's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I 'll tell,
For faith I 'm confoundedly dry ;
The chiel that 's a fool for himsel,
Gude L—d ! he 's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hookit,
And had in mony a well been doukit.
Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman :—

AIR

TUNE—*O an ye were dead, guidman.*

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
The lalland laws he held in scorn ;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !
There 's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;
For a lalland face he fearèd none,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But, ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They 've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
Nae comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

RECITATIVO

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappan limb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn 't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an *arioso* key,
The wee Apollo,
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
His *giga* solo :—

AIR

TUNE—*Whistle owre the lave o't.*

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your ev'ry care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was *Whistle Owre the Lave O't.*

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
An' O! sae nicely's we will fare!
We'll bouse about till Daddie Care
Sings *Whistle Owre the Lave O't.*
I am, etc.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursels about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, etc.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, etc.

RECITATIVO

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—

He swore by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.

But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the caird address'd her :—

AIR

TUNE—*Clout the Caudron.*

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station :
I've travell'd round all Christian ground,
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, an' been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron :
But vain they search'd, when off I marched
To go and clout the caudron.
I've ta'en the gold, etc.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise an cap'rin,
An' take a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron.
An' by that stowp, my faith and houpe,
And by that dear Kilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
An' by that stowp, etc.

RECITATIVO

The caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love, o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man of spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
And shor'd them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR

TUNE—*For a' that, an' a' that.*

I AM a Bard of no regard
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowrin byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle 's a' that,
I 've lost but ane, I 've twa behin',
I 've wife eneugh for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams—
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, etc.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, etc.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, an' a' that:
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, etc.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They 've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, and here 's the sex!
I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS

For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle 's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They 're welcome till 't for a' that!

RECITATIVO

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to coor their fuds,
To quench their lowin drouth.
Then owre again the jovial thrang,
The Poet did request
To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;
He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus:—

AIR

TUNE—*Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*

SEE the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig, etc.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, etc.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, etc.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, etc.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out—Amen!

CHORUS

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

Thou's welcome, wean! Mischanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammie,
Shall ever daunton me or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tyta or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
I fatherly will kiss and daut thee;
As dear and near my heart I set thee
Wi' as gude will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' hell.

What tho' they ca' me fornicator,
An' tease my name in kintra clatter:
The mair they talk I'm kend the better—
E'en let them clash;
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
My funny toil is now a' tint,
Sin thou cam to the world asklent,
Which fools may scoff at;
In my last plack thy part's be in't,
The better half o't.

An' if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
A lovin' father I 'll be to thee,
If thou be spar'd ;
Thro' a' thy childish years I 'll e'e thee,
An' think 't weel war'd.

Gude grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, an' merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failins,
Twill please me mair to hear an' see 't,
Than stockit mailins.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no' for ony guid or ill
They 've done afore Thee !

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
When thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here, afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burning an' a shining light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plung'd me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I 'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, and example
To a' Thy flock.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
At times I 'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust;
And sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

O L—d! yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg—
O may 't ne'er be a living plague
To my dishonour,
And I 'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun avow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow—
But, L—d, that Friday I was fou,
When I cam near her,
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he 's sae gifted;
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until Thou lift it.

L—d, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou hast a chosen race!
But G—d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
And public shame.

L—d, mind Gau'n Hamilton's deserts:
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
Wi' great and sma',
Frae G—d's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;—
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes!

L—d, hear my earnest cry and pray'r,
Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak it bare
Upo' their heads!
L—d, visit them, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds!

O L—d, my G—d, that glib-tongued Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how I stood sweatin', shakin',
And p—d wi' dread,
While Auld wi' hinging lip gaed sneakin',
And hid his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
And dinna spare!

But, L—d, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace an' gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane;
An' a' the glory shall be Thine—
Amen, Amen!

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE

Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His soul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor, silly body, see him;
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,—
Observe wha's standing wi' him!

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance ye've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane!
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

THE KIRK'S ALARM

A SATIRE

I

Orthodox, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience,
There 's a heretic blast
Has been blawn i' the wast,
That what is not sense must be nonsense.

II

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;
To join faith and sense
Upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

III

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orator Bob is its ruin.

IV

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Tho' your heart 's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three 's ane an' twa.

V

Rumble John, Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry: The book is wi' heresy cramm'd';
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

VI

Simper James, Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

VII

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney,
Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

VIII

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld,
There's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Though ye can do little skaith,
Ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite, ye can bark.

IX

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
If for a saunt ye do muster,
The corps is no nice o' recruits;
Yet to worth let's be just,
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass were the king o' the brutes.

X

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose,
Ye hae made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the doctor's your mark,
For the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

XI

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
Gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your 'liberty's chain' and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side
Ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——.

XII

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk,
Ye may slander the Book,
And the Book not the waur, let me tell ye;
Tho' ye're rich, and look big,
Yet lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

XIII

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie,
What mean ye, what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence
To havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

XIV

Irvine-side, Irvine-side,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share,
Ye've the figure, 'tis true,
Even your faes will allow,
And your friends, they daur grant you nae mair.

XV

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock,
When the L—d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit,
There's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

XVI

Holy Will, Holy Will,
There was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant,
When ye 're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

XVII

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your sp'ritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

XVIII

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gipsy,
E'en tho' she were tipsy
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS

'Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.'—POPE.

O, a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs an' crocks,
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
O, dool to tell!
Hae had a bitter black out-cast
Atween themsel.

O Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle?
Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle,
An' think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'.

O, sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit?
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank?
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank
He let them taste.
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank,—
O, sic a feast!

The thummart, wilcat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole an' road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
An' sell their skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them owre the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O, do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagree't,
An' names, like 'villain,' 'hypocrite,'
Ilk ither gien,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither 's lieln'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan, deep, and Peebles, shaul',
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot an' cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we 're beset;
There's scarce a new herd that we get
But comes frae 'mang that cursèd set
I winna name;
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame!

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
An' baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black an' blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought aye death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef—
I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats among oursel:
There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

Oh! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come, join your counsel and your skills
To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the powers themsels
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
An' Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there!

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
And guid M'Math,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

THE INVENTORY

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES

Sir, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I 'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew before a pettle.
My lan'-afore 's a gude auld *has-been*,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
My lan'-ahin 's a weel-gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,
An' your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime.
(But ance, whan in my wooing pride,
I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to—
L—d pardon a' my sins, an' that too!
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
She 's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.)
My fur-ahin 's a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd,
The fourth 's a Highland Donald hastie,
A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
Forbye, a cowte, o' cowtes the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail:
If he be spar'd to be a beast,
He 'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin' an' for noise;
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other.
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
An' aften labour them completely;
An' aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the Questions tairge them tightly,
Till, faith, wee Davoc 's turn'd sae gleg,
Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,
He 'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servan' station
(L—d, keep me aye frae a' temptation !),
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
An' ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the deevils darena touch me.
Wi' weans I 'm mair than weel contented:
Heav'n sent me ane mair than I wanted.
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace;
But her, my bonnie, sweet, wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
By the L—d ! ye 'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of licence out I 'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I 'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Thro' dirt an' dub for life I 'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
My travel a' on foot I 'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.
The kirk and you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings leuk.

This list, wi' my ain hand I 've wrote it,
The day and date as under notit;
Then know, all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

THE COURT OF EQUITY

IN Truth and Honour's name. Amen.
Know all men by these presents plain,
This twalt o' May at Mauchline given;
The year 'tween eighty-five an' seven;
We (all marauders) by profession,
As per extractum from each Session;
In way and manner here narrated,
Pro bono Amor congregated;
And by our Brethren constituted,
A Court of Equity deputed:
With special authoris'd direction,
To take beneath our strict protection
The stays out-bursting, quondam maiden,
With growing life and anguish laden,
That by the rascal is deny'd
Who led her thoughtless steps aside;
He who disowns the ruin'd fair one,
And for her wants and woes does care none;
The wretch that can refuse assistance
To those whom he has given existence;
The knave who takes a private stroke
Beneath his sanctimonious cloak!
The coof who stan's on clishmaclavers
When lasses hafflins offer favours;
All who in any way or manner
Disdain the (bold marauder's) honour,
We take cognisance there anent,
The proper judges competent.
First, Poet Burns, he takes the Chair;
Allow'd by a', his title 's fair;

And past *nem. con.* without dissension,
He has a duplicate pretension.
The second, Smith, our worthy Fiscal,
To cow each pertinacious rascal:
In this, as ev'ry other state,
His merit is conspicuous great.
Richmond, the third, our trusty Clerk,
Our minutes regular to mark;
And sit dispenser of the law
In absence of the former twa.
The fourth our messenger-at-arms,
When failing all the milder terms,
Hunter, a hearty, willing Brother,
Weel skill'd in dead an' living leather.
Without preamble, less or more said,
We body politic aforesaid,
With legal, due whereas, and wherefore,
We are appointed here to care for
The interests of our Constituents,
And punish contravening truants.

* * * * *

Then Brown an' Dow above-design'd
For clags an' clauses there subjoin'd,
We, Court aforesaid, cite and summon,
That on the fourth o' June in comin',
The hour o' Cause, in our Court ha'
At Whitefoord's Arms, ye answer Law.
But, as reluctantly we punish,
An' rather mildly would admonish:
Since better punishment prevented
Than obstinacy sair repented;
Then, for that ancient secret's sake
You have the honour to partake;
An' for that noble badge you wear,
You, Sandie Dow, our Brother dear,
We give you as a man and mason,
This private, sober, friendly lesson.
Your crime, a manly deed we view it,
A man alone can only do it;

But, in denial persevering,
Is to a scoundrel's name adhering.
* * * * *
To tell the truth 's a manly lesson,
An' doubly proper in a Mason.
* * * * *
This, our *futurum est Decreet*,
We mean it not to keep a secret;
But in our summons here insert it,
And whoso dares may controvert it,
This, mark'd before the date and place is;
Subsignum est per Burns the Preses.
(L.S.) B. . . .
This summons and the Signet mark
Extractum est, per Richmond, Clerk,
R. . . . d.
At Mauchline, twenty-fifth of May,
About the twalt hour o' the day,
You twa, in *propria persona*,
Before design'd Sandie and Johnnie,
This summons legally have got,
As *vide* Witness under-wrote;
Within the house of John Dove, Vintner,
Nunc facio hoc—Guillelmus Hunter.

THE FAREWELL

'The valiant in himself, what can he suffer?
Or what does he regard his single woes?
But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
To helpless children! then, O then! he feels
The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
Such, such am I! undone!'
THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanora*.

I

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains,
Where rich ananas blow!

Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
My Jean's heart-rending throe!
Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou 'rt bereft
Of my parental care;
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou 'lt share!
Adieu, too, to you too,
My Smith, my bosom frien';
When kindly you mind me,
O then befriend my Jean!

II

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
From thee, my Jeannie, must I part!
Thou, weeping answ'rest, 'No!'
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace,
I, for thy sake, must go!
Thee, Hamilton and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu!
I, with a much-indebted tear,
Shall still remember you!
All-hail then, the gale then,
Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
It rustles and whistles—
I 'll never see thee more!

NATURE'S LAW

A Poem

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

'Great nature spoke, observant man obeyed.'—Pope.

I

Let other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife;
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life:

Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun,
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

II

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
'Go on, ye human race!
This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire
I've pour'd it in each bosom;
Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
And there, is beauty's blossom!'

III

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains,
With mickle mirth an' glee;
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

IV

He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro';
And sought a correspondent breast,
To give obedience due:
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs
From mildews of abortion;
And lo! the bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion!

V

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,

With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire;
To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
With more poetic fire.

VI

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys;
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flower of ancient nations;
And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations!

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear;
Sweet early object of my youthful vows!
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I 've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF

Accept the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin';
Remembrance oft may start a tear,
But oh! that tenderness forbear,
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene; but grief and care
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope, for ever!

You think I 'm glad; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow,
In solitude—then, then I feel
I canna to mysel conceal
My deeply ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken;
A tear may wet thy laughin' ee,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee—
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PROSPECT OF DEATH

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms!
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heav'nly mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heav'nly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowèd line;
Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY

Long life, my lord, an' health be yours,
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors;
Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,

May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
Faith, you and Applecross were right,
To keep the Highland hounds in sight;
I doubt na! they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water;
Then up amang thae lakes and seas,
They 'll mak what rules and laws they please;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them,
Till (God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed)
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile;
An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
An' save the honour o' the nation?
They, an' be damn'd! what right hae they
To meat or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them!
But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand 's owre light on them, I fear;
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hallions to the birses;
Yet while they 're only poind't and herriet,
They 'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
But smash them! crash them a' to spails!
An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark an' hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they 're aughtlins fawsont,
Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd!

An' if the wives an' dirty brats
E'en thigger at your doors an' yetts,
Flaffan wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',
Frightin' awa' your deucks an' geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assign'd your seat
'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate,—
Or if you on your station tarrow,
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I 'm sure ye 're weel deservin 't;
An' till ye come—Your humble servant,
BEELZEBUB.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleamed afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.

'My patriot son fills an untimely grave!'
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
'Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride.

'A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh.

'I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow:
But, ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

'My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

'And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtues last;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!'
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

TO MISS FERRIER

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR

Nae heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor;
But, gien the body half an e'e,
Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stoited;
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire;
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you;
And wish and pray, in rhyme sincere,
A' guid things may attend you.

REMORSE

A FRAGMENT

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—'It was no deed of mine';

But when, to all the evil of misfortune,
This sting is added—'Blame thy foolish self!'
Or, worser far, the pangs of keen remorse—
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involvèd others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us,
Nay, more—that very love their cause of ruin!
Oh, burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonising throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!
Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE

Wae worth thy power, thou cursèd leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, thro' thy curs'd restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
And, for thy potence, vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more.

R. B.—*Kyle.*

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER

This wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third.
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day!
Sae far I sprachl'd up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests
(Wi' reverence be it spoken!);
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships o' the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord! stand out, my shin!
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!—
Up higher yet, my bonnet!
An' sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh! for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
An' how he star'd an' stammer'd!
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,
Thinks I, they are but men!
But 'Burns'!—'My Lord'—Good G—d! I doited,
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faultering I gaed ben!

I sidling shelter'd in a neuk,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense an' social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great—
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman!

Then from his Lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet, with unconcern,
One rank as weel 's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care,
To meet with noble, youthful DAER,
For he but meets a brother.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, Esq., OF ARNISTON

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry-swelling waves!
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad, to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance ey'd, and sway'd her rod;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark! injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspirèd strains:
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure:
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;

Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

TO CHLORIS

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),
To join the friendly few;

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lour
(And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower);

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine Friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the Poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

ON SENSIBILITY

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,
MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell:
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Toiling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

VERSES TO MISS GRAHAM, OF FINTRAY

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS

Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift;—tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

SONNET ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK

WRITTEN JANUARY 25TH, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR

SING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care;
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee
I'll share.

FICKLE FORTUNE

THOUGH fickle fortune has deceived me
(She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill)
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far 's I 'm able;
But, if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome—
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind!

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ., OF GLENRIDDEL

APRIL 1794

No more, ye warblers of the wood—no more!
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.
How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?

That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
Riddel lies!
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
And soothe the Virtues weeping on his bier:
The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
Is in his 'narrow house' for ever darkly low.
Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is, protection,
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our Second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He 'd die before he 'd wrong it—'tis decorum—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough, rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!

Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled,
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such a host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions!
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! the Majesty of Woman!

A VISION

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
  Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
  And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
  The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
  And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din:
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posie—'Liberty!'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear:
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy this former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,—
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn?

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi' mickle honest toil,
And claught the unfading garland there—
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted—
Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it!

To whom hae much, more shall be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

VERSES TO JOHN MAXWELL, OF TERRAUGHTY

ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
This natal morn;
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure!

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil he daurna steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me!

TO JOHN TAYLOR

With Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I 'll pay you like my master.

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heav'n above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flow'ry shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
Thou left us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
As ever trode on airn;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode through thick and thin;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppress'd and bruis'd she was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH

AN ELECTION BALLAD

TUNE—*Up and waur them a'.*

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith,
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
But he 'll sair them as he sair'd the king,
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

CHORUS.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstones hae the guidin' o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa.

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, the country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There 's no' a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark here 's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
And we 'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstones hae the guidin' o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA

When dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptured view,
He gaz'd, he listened to despair,
Alas! 'twas all he dared to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes
Transfixed his bosom thro' and thro';
But still in Friendship's guarded guise,
For more the demon fear'd to do.

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all *perdu*;
For frowning Honour kept his post—
To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

His pangs the Bard refused to own,
Tho' half he wished Clarinda knew;
But anguish wrung the unweeting groan—
Who blames what frantic Pain must do?

That heart, whose motley follies blend,
Was sternly still to Honour true:
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,
Was what a lover sure might do!

The Muse his ready quill employed,
No nearer bliss he could pursue;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—
'Send word by Charles how you do!'

The chill behest disarmed his Muse,
Till passion, all impatient, grew:
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
'Twas, 'cause 'he'd nothing else to do.'

But by those hopes I have above!
And by those faults I dearly rue!
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee, that deed I dare to do!

Oh could the Fates but name the price
Would bless me with your charms and you,
With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
If human heart and power could do!

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
(Friendship, at least, I may avow;)
And lay no more your chill command,—
I'll write, whatever I've to do.

SYLVANDER.

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER

GUDE pity me, because I'm little,
For though I am an elf o' mettle,
And can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
Jink there or here,
Yet scarce as lang 's a guid kail whittle,
I'm unco queer.

And now Thou kens our wofu' case:
For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace,
Because we stang'd her through the place,
And hurt her spleuchan,
For which we daurna show our face
Within the clachan.

And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows,
And hunted, as was William Wallace,
Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows,
An' sodgers baith;
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death!

Auld grim black-bearded Geordie's sel,
O shake him o'er the mouth o' hell,
There let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Wi' hideous din,
And if he offers to rebel,
Just heave him in.

When death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,
And tips auld drucken Nanse the wink,
May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Ahint his yett,
And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,
Red, reeking, het.

There 's Jockie and the hav'rel Jenny,
Some devils seize them in a hurry,
And waff them in th' infernal wherry
Straught through the lake,
And gie their hides a noble curry,
Wi' oil of aik.

As for the jurr, poor worthless body,
She 's got mischief enough already ;
Wi' stanget hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She 's suffered sair ;
But may she wintle in a woody,
If she whore mair.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD

Oh, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever ;
For ever—oh no ! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
Ere the Spoiler had nipt thee in blossom ;
When thou shrunk from the scowl of the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for his life's latest morrow.

THE FIVE CARLINS

TUNE—*Chevy-Chace.*

I

THERE were five carlins in the south;
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town,
To bring them tidings hame.

II

Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there;
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

III

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh;
And Marjory o' the mony lochs,
A carlin auld and teugh.

IV

And blinkin' Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side;
And whiskey Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide.

V

And black Joan, frae Crichton-peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin;—
Five wighter carlins were na foun'
The south countrie within.

VI

To send a lad to London town,
They met upon a day;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
Their errand fain wad gae.

VII

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

VIII

The first he was a belted knight,
Bred o' a border-clan;
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstan';

IX

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say;
And ilka ane about the Court
Wad bid to him guid-day.

X

Then neist cam in a sodger youth,
An' spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to London town,
If sae their pleasure was.

XI

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

XII

Now, wham to chuse, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlins fell;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel.

XIII

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

XIV

For the auld guidman o' London Court
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send a sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

XV

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow;
Her ancient weed was russet grey,
Her auld Scots bluid was true.

XVI

'The London Court set light by me—
I set as light by them;
And I will send the sodger lad
To shaw that Court the same.'

XVII

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale,
And swore a deadly aith,
Says, 'I will send the border-knight,
Spite o' you carlins baith.

XVIII

'For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae try'd this border-knight,
An' I 'll try him yet again.'

XIX

Then whiskey Jean spak owre her drink,
'Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' London Court,
His back 's been at the wa'.

XX

'An' mony a friend that kiss'd his caup,
Is now a fremit wight;
But it 's ne'er be said o' whiskey Jean,—
I 'll send the border-knight.'

XXI

Says black Joan frae Crichton-peel,
A carlin stoor and grim,—
'The auld guidman, an' the young guidman,
For me may sink or swim.

XXII

'For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh in their sleeve;
But wha blows best the horn shall win,
I'll spier nae courtier's leave.'

XXIII

Sae how this weighty plea may end
Nae mortal wight can tell;
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel!

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DECEMBER 4TH, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business slily hinted.

'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
'I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears,—
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears,
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,

Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance, as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?'

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D' ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I 'll laugh, that 's poz—nay, more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery 's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you 'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:

Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that 's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we 're merry, may we still be wise!

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER

Sweet naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

TO CLARINDA

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES

Fair Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses,—

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
'The whole of human kind!'

'To those who love us!'—second fill;
But not to those whom we love!
Lest we love those who love not us!—
A third—'to thee and me, love!'

TO THE SAME

ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH

Clarinda, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;—
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part—but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

TO THE SAME

Before I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blythe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feather'd race
That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind;
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found;
On every tree appear my verses
That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite,
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray
I envy your success;
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less.

THE VOWELS

A TALE

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her dark'ning vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thick'ning blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted *ai*!

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
The jostling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobwebb'd Gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering, U,
His dear friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache!

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago,
If he 's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south or is he north?
Igo and ago,
Or drownèd in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the L—d be near him!
Igo and ago,
As for the deil, he daur na steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosèd letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY

I

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary;
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

II

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—— in the fire.

III

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So, their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d' ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

IV

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

V

In your heretic sins may ye live, and die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your Honours and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they 're to your liking.

THE AMERICAN WAR

I

When Guilford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man!
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man:
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.

IV

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.

Cornwallis fought as long 's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

V

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man:
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man;
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa, man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man;
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'

VIII

Behind the throne then Granville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas arous'd the class,
Be-north the Roman wa', man:

And Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspirèd Bardies saw, man;)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd 'Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

IX

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt and bluid,
To make it guid in law, man.

VERSES

LINES ON FERGUSSON

Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career?
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow?

EPITAPH ON FERGUSSON

'No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust";
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.'

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate,
Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This tribute, with a tear, now gives
A brother Bard—he can no more bestow.
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
A nobler monument than Art can show.

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muse
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unfitted for the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT, MONDAY, APRIL 16TH, 1787

When by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame:
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heav'nly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, CALEDONIA! name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honoured to appear!
Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle, pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught reason's beam;

Here History paints with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here *Douglas* forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley rouses all the God in man,
When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit, unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O Thou dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire!
May every son be worthy of his sire!
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's, chain
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

I HAE BEEN AT CROOKIEDEN

I HAE been at Crookieden,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Viewing Willie and his men,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
There our foes that burnt and slew,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
There, at last, they gat their due,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Satan sits in his black neuk,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
The bloody monster gae a yell,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

THE HERMIT

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD, IN THE HERMITAGE BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY

Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear;
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers
That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice encrusted;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-brent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot than e'er I felt before in
A palace—and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh:—

'Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire—
To God I fly.'

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer;
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care—

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

PASSION'S CRY

A FRAGMENT

By all I loved, neglected and forgot,
No friendly face e'er lights my squalid cot;
Shunn'd, hated, wrong'd, unpitied, unredrest,
The mocked quotation of the scorner's jest!
Ev'n the poor support of my wretched life,
Snatched by the violence of legal strife;
Oft grateful for my very daily bread
To those my family's once large bounty fed;
A welcome inmate at their homely fare,
My griefs, my woes, my sighs, my tears they share;
(Their vulgar souls unlike the souls refined,
The fashioned marble of the polished mind!)

* * * * * *

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
Above the world, on wings of Love, I rise—
I know its worst, and can that worst despise:
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Montgomery, rich reward, o'erpays them all!
Mild zephyrs waft thee to life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me and my distresses more,—
Falsehood accurst! No! still I beg a place,
Still near thy heart some little, little trace;
For that dear trace the world I would resign:
O let me live, and die, and think it mine!

'I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!'
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night;
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose;
Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquished foes:
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye;
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly:

Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire;
Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire;
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone:
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields!

By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear—
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear!

TRAGIC FRAGMENT

AN EXCLAMATION FROM A GREAT CHARACTER

All villain as I am, a damned wretch,
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting sinner,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere, tho' unavailing, sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,
Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to Ruin.
Oh, but for kind, tho' ill-requited, friends,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
O injur'd God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abus'd
As far surpassing other common villains,
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

FRAGMENT ON SENSIBILITY

Rusticity's ungainly form
May cloud the highest mind;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find.

Propriety's cold, cautious rules
Warm fervour may o'erlook;
But spare poor sensibility
Th' ungentle, harsh rebuke.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL

A FRAGMENT

The night was still, and o'er the hill,
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dewdrops hang
Around her on the castle wa'.
Sae merrily they danced the ring
Frae e'enin' till the cock did craw;
And aye the o'erword o' the spring
Was Irvine's bairns are bonnie a'.

GO ON, SWEET BIRD, AND SOOTHE MY CARE

A FRAGMENT

For thee is laughing Nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day;
For me in vain is Nature drest,
While Joy 's a stranger to my breast.

FRAGMENT ON MARIA

How gracefully Maria leads the dance!
She 's life itself: I never saw a foot
So nimble and so elegant. It speaks,
And the sweet whispering Poetry it makes
Shames the musician.

YOUR FRIENDSHIP

A FRAGMENT

Your friendship much can make me blest,
O why that bliss destroy!
Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny!

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

THE WREN'S NEST

A FRAGMENT

The Robin to the Wren's nest
Cam' keekin in, cam' keekin in;
O weel 's me on your auld pow,
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?

Thou 's ne'er get leave to lie without,
And I within, and I within,
Sae long 's I hae an auld clout
To rowe ye in, to rowe ye in.

A FRAGMENT

No cold approach, no altered mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart.

LEEZIE LINDSAY

A FRAGMENT

Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

POETICAL ADDRESS TO WILLIAM TYTLER, Esq.

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,—
A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
The title 's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I 'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But loyalty, truce ! we 're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter !
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care :
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night ;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

WRITTEN IN FRIAR'S-CARSE HERMITAGE

ON NITHSIDE

SECOND VERSION

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning-star advance,
Pleasure, with her siren air,
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?

Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.
As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As Life itself becomes decease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,
There, ruminate with sober thought;
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not—Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Wast thou cottager or king?
Peer or peasant?—no such thing!
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
Say, 'To be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid Self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.'

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break.
Till future life—future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before!

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nithside.

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stained the name;
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that 's good exempt.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of meet or unmeet in a fabric complete,
I boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT

Oh meikle do I rue, fause love,
  Oh sairly do I rue,
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
  That e'er your face I knew.

Oh I hae tint my rosy cheeks,
  Likewise my waist sae sma';
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
  That little wist a fa'.

Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
  O' mony a saucy quean;
When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
  Her life 's been waur than mine.

Whene'er my father thinks on me,
  He stares into the wa';
My mither, she has ta'en the bed
  Wi' thinkin' on my fa'.

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
  My heart wad burst wi' pain;
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
  My tears rin down like rain.

Alas! sae sweet a tree as love
  Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alas! that e'er a bonny face
  Should draw a sauty tear!

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
  Denies the bairn he got;
Or leaves the painfu' lass he lov'd
  To wear a ragged coat.

LINES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 'twas really new!
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniards, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's Court, kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.—

A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray a' guid things may attend you!

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning*, 1790.

SCOTS PROLOGUE

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whiskey, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword,
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless, Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil—
As able and as wicked as the Devil!

One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age:
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say the folks hae done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caition
Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back!
For us and for our stage should ony spier,
'Whase aught thae chiels mak's a' this bustle here?'
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as you like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike;
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Sketch

TO MRS. DUNLOP

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain;
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a-moralizing:
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
'Another year is gone for ever!'
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
'The passing moment's all we rest on!'
Rest on—for what? what do we hear?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as Heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important Now employ,
And live as those who never die.

Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight, pale Envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY EVENING, 1790

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity:
Tho', by-the-bye, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new-year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage, grave, ancient, cough'd, and bade me say,
'You 're one year older this important day.'
If wiser, too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—'think!'

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye faithful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!

To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you 'll mind the important NOW !
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak, endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours ;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send !
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream ;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day !
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray ;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair !
O, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain.

SKETCH
INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite :
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ;
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—

I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle!
But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right;—
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil;
All in all he 's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours;
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t' other? there 's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you 'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,

Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you 've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse;
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?
My much-honoured Patron, believe your poor poet,
Your courage, much more than your prudence, you show it.
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
He 'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal them,
He 'd up the back-stairs, and by G—d he would steal 'em;
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em;
It is not, out-do him—the task is, out-thieve him!

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they 're born!
But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint a head,
An' my auld teethless Bawtie 's dead;
The tulzie 's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And our guid wife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil:
The tither 's something dour o' treadin'
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupit,
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
An' gied ye a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en,
What ye 'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowte an' sheep,
How dowff and dowie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
For Embrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou 's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy daddy's chair:
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, half-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel, a full, free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as ye can.

January 1*st*, 1789.

ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He 'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care,
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
Except the moment that they crush't him:
For sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em,
Tho' e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
And thought it sport.

Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roos'd him than!

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia, ginia O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
And, alas! I am weary, weary O:
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
And, alas! I am weary, weary O.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, ginia O:
There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow,
And, alas! I am weary, weary O:
There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow,
And, alas! I am weary, weary O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, ginia O;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And, alas! I am weary, weary O:
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And, alas! I am weary, weary O.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET, THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for 't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest,
But now a rumour 's like to rise,
A whaup 's i' the nest.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man, hae mercy wi' your natch!
Your bodkin 's bauld:
I didna suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
I gie the dames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse
An' jag-the-flae!

King David o' poetic brief
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life with grief,
An' bloody rants;
An' yet he 's rank'd among the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I 'll gie auld cloven Clootie's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit among the saunts
At Davie's hip yet!

But, fegs! the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garrin lassies cowp the cran,
Clean heels owre body,
An' sairly thole their mither's ban
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport
How I did wi' the Session sort:
Auld Clinkum at the inner port
Cry'd three times—'Robin!
Come hither, lad, an' answer for 't,
Ye 're blamed for jobbin'!'

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa before the Session;
I made an open, fair confession—
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator-loun he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
'But, what the matter?
(Quo' I) I fear unless ye geld me,
I 'll ne'er be better!'

'Geld you! (quo' he) an' what for no?
If that your right hand, leg, or toe
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff; an' what for no
Your dearest member?'

'Na, na (quo' I), I'm no for that,
Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't;
I'd rather suffer for my faut
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
Tho' I should rue it.

'Or, gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a'—I've just ae ither:
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it.'

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of a',
An', therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said 'Guid night,' an' cam awa',
An' left the Session;
I saw they were resolvèd a'
On my oppression.

TO WILLIE CHALMERS'S SWEETHEART

Mr. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows (R. B.):—

I

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin;

Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers;
Then up he gets, and off he sets,
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

II

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
May cost a pair o' blushes;
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm-urgèd wishes.
Your bonnie face sae mild and sweet
His honest heart enamours,
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

III

Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,
And Honour safely back her,
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak her:
An' sic twa love-inspiring e'en
Might fire even holy palmers;
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers.

IV

I doubt na Fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouther'd priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie:
But O! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars:
The feeling heart's the royal blue,
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

V

Some gapin, glowrin, countra laird,
May warsle for your favour;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And hoast up some palaver.

My bonny maid, before ye wed
  Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
  Awa wi' Willie Chalmers.

VI

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
  For ane that shares my bosom
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues,
  For de'il a hair I roose him.
May powers aboon unite you soon,
  And fructify your amours,
And every year come in mair dear
  To you and Willie Chalmers.

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
  Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
  And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?
  O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
  Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
  Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
  Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

THE POET'S PROGRESS

A POEM IN EMBRYO

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The peopled fold thy kindly care have found,
The horned bull, tremendous, spurns the ground;
The lordly lion has enough and more,
The forest trembles at his very roar;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The puny wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power:
Foxes and statesmen subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure:
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog, in their robes, are snug:
E'en silly women have defensive arts,
Their eyes, their tongues—and nameless other parts.
But O thou cruel stepmother, and hard,
To thy poor fenceless, naked child, the Bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still:
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun!
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn;

No nerves olfact'ry, true to Mammon's foot,
Or grunting, grub sagacious, evil's root:
The silly sheep that wanders wild astray,
Is not more friendless, is not more a prey;
Vampyre-booksellers drain him to the heart,
And viper-critics cureless venom dart.

Critics! appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame,
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes—
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:
By blockhead's daring into madness stung,
His heart by wanton, causeless malice wrung,
His well-won bays—than life itself more dear—
By miscreants torn who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounces on thro' life,
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds no more the ruthless critics' rage.

So by some hedge the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved, snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

* * * * * *

A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets:
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learned *Vive la bagatelle! et Vive l'amour!*
So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the Scottish ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

* * * * * *

* * * Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout—the same;
His grisly beard just bristling in its might—
'Twas four long nights and days from shaving-night;
His uncomb'd, hoary locks, wild-staring thatch'd
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting-rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.
* * * * * *

O Dulness, portion of the truly blest!
Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams;
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober, selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder 'some folks' do not starve!
The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the thread of Hope,
When thro' disastrous night, they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that 'fools are Fortune's care';
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring Heaven, or vaulted Hell!

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHILD

Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
An a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak for thee!
Ye heavens, how great is my despair,
How can I see him die!—

MONODY
ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE

How cold is that bosom which folly once fir'd,
  How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd !
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
  How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
  From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
  Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
  So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
  And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We 'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
  We 'll roam through the forest for each idle weed ;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
  For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash deed.

We 'll sculpture the marble, we 'll measure the lay ;
  Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
  Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
  What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam :
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
  Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part!
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY

NOVEMBER 4TH, 1793

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd—
'What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

'Now Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal-day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn cannot match me.'
''Tis done!' says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

POEM

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE

Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake! alake! the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin'! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches!

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood daunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the Auld year gang out moaning
To see the New come, laden, groaning
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTCRIPT

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell Death was nearly nicket;
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll tak' a care o't,
A tentier way:
Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't
For ance and aye!

POETICAL INVITATION

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,
Lord, man, there 's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy ;
And down the gate, in faith, they 're worse,
And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
That you are there ;
And if we dinna hae a bouze
I'se ne'er drink mair.

It 's no I like to sit and swallow,
Then like a swine to puke and wallow ;
But gie me just a true good fallow,
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie ance to make us mellow,
And then we 'll shine.

Now, if ye 're ane o' warld's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
And sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you no friendship will I troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
Ye hate, as ill 's the vera deil,
The flinty heart that canna feel—
Come, Sir, here 's tae you !
Hae, there 's my haun', I wiss ye weel,
And guid be wi' you.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE

Ae day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter ;
Ashamed himsel to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,
'By G—! I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without at least ae honest man
To grace this damned infernal clan.'
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
'L—d G—d !' quoth he, 'I have it now :
There 's just the man I want, i' faith !'
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

TO MRS. C——

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S

Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor !
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more, the heart,
Does both the sexes honour.
She show'd her taste refin'd and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me.
But kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift,
I 'll bless her, and wiss her
A Friend aboon the Lift.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer—
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend—the Bard.

THE TARBOLTON LASSES

IF ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye 'll there see bonny Peggy;
She kens her faither is a laird,
And she forsooth 's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune:
Wha canna win her in a night
Has little art in courtin'.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o' Mysie;
She 's dour and din, a deil within,
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye 'll maybe fancy Jenny,
If ye 'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
She kens hersel she 's bonny.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
Speer in for bonny Bessy;
She 'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
And handsomely address ye.

There 's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,
In a' King George' dominion;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It 's Bessy's ain opinion.

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals?
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father 's a laird, and weel he can spare 't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man,
To proper young men, he 'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There 's ane they ca' Jean, I 'll warrant ye 've seen
As bonny a lass or as braw, man;
But for sense and guid taste she 'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get at her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man;
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor hae 't in her power to say na, man;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach 's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head with the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
'Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin 't together at a', man,
I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But devil a shilling I awe, man.

POEM ON LIFE

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal:
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
And fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve,
And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne, wha wad starve?

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I 've found her still:
Aye wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on—
He 's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lassies rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, the spider snare
O' Hell's damn'd waft.

Poor Man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girnin laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil!
Amen! Amen!

AH, WOE IS ME, MY MOTHER DEAR

PARAPHRASE OF JEREMIAH, CHAPTER XV., VERSE 10

Ah, woe is me, my mother dear!
A man of strife ye've born me:
For sair contention I maun bear;
They hate, revile, and scorn me.

I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
That five per cent. might blest me;
And borrowing, on the tither hand,
The deil a ane wad trust me.

Yet I, a coin-denièd wight,
By Fortune quite discarded;
Ye see how I am, day and night,
By lad and lass blackguarded!

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE

Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous, princely mien
E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger! to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works inspire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern;
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn!

THE DISCREET HINT

'Lass, when your mither is frae hame,
May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower window,
And creep in frae the cauld?
As come to your bower window,
And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy fair bosom—
Sweet lass, may I do that?'

'Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower window,
Whare I am laid my lane,

To warm thee in my bosom,—
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk—
Young man, do ye hear that?'

A NEW PSALM
FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK

ON THE THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY

O SING a new song to the Lord,
Make, all and every one,
A joyful noise even for the king,
His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together;
'Come, let us sweep them off,' said they,
Like an o'erflowing river.

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together;
On right and left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
To quell the Wicked's pride;
That Young Man, great in Issachar,
The burden-bearing tribe;

And him, among the Princes, chief
In our Jerusalem,
The judge that's mighty in Thy law,
The man that fears Thy name.

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail;
Even as two howling, ravenous wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

The ungodly o'er the just prevail'd,
For so Thou hadst appointed;
That Thou might'st greater glory give
Unto Thine own anointed.

And now Thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low.

Consume that high place Patronage,
From off Thy holy hill;
And in Thy fury burn the book—
Even of that man M'Gill.

Now hear our prayers, accept our song,
And fight Thy Chosen's battle:
We seek but little, Lord, from Thee:
Thou kens we get as little.

ODE
ON THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL

Daughter of Chaos' doting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears!
Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
(The rights of sepulture now duly paid)
Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or underground, deep-sunk, profound,
Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make the mountains shake,
Thou mourn thy ill-starr'd blighted birth;
Or in the uncreated Void,
Where seeds of future being fight,

With lessen'd step thou wander wide
To greet thy mother—Ancient Night—
And as each jarring monster-mass is past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast.
In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, Spirit, hear! thy presence I invoke!
By a monarch's heaven-struck fate,
By a disunited State,
By a generous Prince's wrongs,
By a Senate's strife of tongues,
By a Premier's sullen pride,
Louring on the changing tide;
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
Rhetoric, blasphemy, and law;
By the turbulent ocean—
A Nation's commotion,
By the harlot-caresses
Of Borough addresses,
By days few and evil,
(Thy portion, poor devil!)
By Power, Wealth, and Show
(The gods by men adored),
By nameless Poverty
(Their Hell abhorred),
By all they hope, by all they fear,
Hear! and Appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghostly Power!
Nor, grim with chained defiance, lour:
No Babel-structure would I build
Where, Order exil'd from his native sway,
Confusion may the Regent-sceptre wield,
While all would rule and none obey:
Go, to the world of man relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
And call presumptuous Hope to hear,
And bid him check his blind career;
And tell the sore-prest sons of Care,
Never, never to despair!

Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand;
Paint all the triumph of the Portland Band;
(Hark! how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
And how their num'rous creditors rejoice!)
But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
Cry Convalescence! and the vision flies.

Then next portray a dark'ning twilight gloom,
Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
When proud Ambition to th' untimely tomb
By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends is borne;
Paint Ruin, in the shape of high Dundas
Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow;
In vain he struggles, the Fates behind him press,
And clamorous Hell yawns for her prey below.
How fallen that, whose pride late scaled the skies!
And this, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
Again pronounce the powerful word;
See Day, triumphant from the night, restored.
Then know this truth, ye sons of men!
(Thus ends thy moral tale),
Your darkest terrors may be vain,
Your brightest hopes may fail.

MOTTO PREFIXED TO THE AUTHOR'S FIRST PUBLICATION

The simple Bard, unbroke by rules of art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart;
And if inspired, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Hers all the melting thrill, and hers the kindling fire.

ON GLENRIDDEL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN

A FRAGMENT

Thou, Liberty, thou art my theme;
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has:
Such stale conceits are poor and silly;
I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek's a mouse, as round's an apple,
Thou when thou pleasest can do wonders;
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.
These things premised, I sing—a Fox
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.
Glenriddel! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain!
Couldst thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?
How couldst thou, with a heart so good
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood),
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?
The staunchest Whig Glenriddel was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of
Women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily held debates
Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates

With many rueful, bloody stories
Of Tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in hell;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on Man;
How fell Semiramis—God damn her!
Did first with sacrilegious hammer
(All ills till then were trivial matters),
For man dethron'd forge henpeck fetters;
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta;
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er the bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polish'd mankind with sword and fire;
With much too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending still, how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!), with wicked wit,
Has gagg'd old Britain, drained her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thus wily Reynard, by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a College;
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution,
How fortune wrought us good from evil;
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say, 'I ne'er can need him,'
Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

* * * * *

TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

WRITER, EDINBURGH

My godlike friend—nay, do not stare,
You think the phrase is odd-like:
But 'God is Love,' the saints declare,
Then surely thou art god-like.

And is thy ardour still the same?
And kindled still at Anna?
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano!

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie-dissolving portal;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May'st promise love immortal!

Thy wounds such healing powers defy,
Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great antihectic try—
Marriage perhaps may mend them.

Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,
Divine, magnetic, touching;
She talks, she charms—but who can trace
The process of bewitching?

ODE
FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Eolian I awake;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!

See gathering thousands, while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults brav'd,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmov'd behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst laud the hand that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain the Royalty of man!

Alfred! on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And roused the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England, in thunder calls, 'The tyrant's cause is mine!'
That hour accurst how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell, thro' all her confines, raise the exulting voice,

That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damnèd deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in Freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerv'd with thundering fate,
Brav'd usurpation's boldest daring!
One quench'd in darkness, like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

LOVE FOR LOVE

Ithers seek they ken na what,
Features, carriage, and a' that;
Gie me loove, in her I court,
Loove to loove maks a' the sport.

Let loove sparkle in her e'e,
Let her lo'e nae man but me;
That's the tocher gude I prize,
There the luver's treasure lies.

THE LAMENT
FOR PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,
Whom kingdoms on this day should hail;
An inmate in the casual shed,
On transient pity's bounty fed,
Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale!
Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,
But he, who should imperial purple wear,
Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head!
His wretched refuge, dark despair,
While ravening wrongs, and woes pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
Who would his sorrows share.
False flatterer, Hope, away!
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore;
We solemnise this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more,
And, owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low adore.
Ye honoured, mighty Dead,
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your King, your Country, and her laws,
From great Dundee, who smiling Victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms,
(What breast of northern ice but warms!)
To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim:
Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
It only lags, the fatal hour,
Your blood shall, with incessant cry,
Awake at last th' unsparing Power;
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along
With doubling speed, and gathering force,
Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the vale;

So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,
Shall with resistless might assail,
Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,
And Stuart's wrongs, and yours, with tenfold weight, repay.

Perdition, baleful child of night!
Rise and revenge the injur'd right
Of Stuart's royal race:
Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,
Till all the frighted echoes tell
The blood-notes of the chase!
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,
The tools of faction, and the nation's curse!
Hark, how the cry grows on the wind;
They leave the lagging gale behind,
Their savage fury, pitiless, they pour;
With murdering eyes already they devour;
See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
His life one poor, despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse!
Such havoc, howling all around,
Their utter ruin bring;
The base apostates to their God,
Or rebels to their King.

TO THE OWL

I

Sad bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?
Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bow'r?

II

Is it, sad owl, that Autumn strips the shade,
And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn?
Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade?
Or friendless Melancholy bids thee mourn?

III

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feather'd train,
To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom ;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

IV

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,
And pleas'd in sorrow listen to thy song :
Sing on, sad mourner ; to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

V

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows fall ?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break ?
Less happy he who lists to Pity's call ?

VI

Ah no, sad owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,
That Sadness tunes it, and that Grief is there ;
That Spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou canst repeat ;
That Sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

VII

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estrang'd, sad bird of night ! from thee ;
Nor that the thrush deserts the ev'ning spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie—

VIII

From some old tow'r, thy melancholy dome,
While the grey walls, and desert solitudes,
Return each note, responsive to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods :

IX

There hooting, I will list more pleas'd to thee
Than ever lover to the nightingale ;
Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,
Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY

Hail, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk ennerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! owre aft thy joes hae starv'd,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan—
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever,
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's for ever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell;

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns grey,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love;
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

TO A KISS

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infants' play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When ling'ring lips no more must join;
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine!

DELIA

AN ODE

Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee,
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;—

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O, let me steal one liquid kiss!
For, O! my soul is parch'd with love!

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG

I

As on the banks o' wandering Nith,
Ae smiling simmer-morn I stray'd,
And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
Where linties sang and lambkins play'd,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

II

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sughs the boding wind
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave—
'And came ye here, my son,' he cried,
'To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

III

'There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beach and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

IV

'When glinting, through the trees, appear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That slowly curlèd up the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane.'

V

'Alas!' said I, 'what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripp'd the cleeding o' your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil' fire scorch'd their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?'

VI

'Nae eastlin blast,' the sprite replied;
'It blew na here sae fierce and fell,
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!' the genius sigh'd—
As through the cliffs he sank him down—
'The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown!'

THE HERON BALLADS

BALLAD I

'HERE'S HERON YET FOR A' THAT.'

I

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament an' a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?

For a' that, and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that;
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

II

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is't never saw that?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met
And has a doubt of a' that?

For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

III

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

IV

But why should we to nobles jouk?
And it 's against the law that;
For why, a lord may be a gouk
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

V

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;
But we 'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
For we 're not to be bought an' sold
Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

VI

Then let us drink—the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, an' a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he 's worthy a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They wad be blest that saw that.

BALLAD II

THE ELECTION

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*

I

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
And O, how the heroes will swear!
And there will be Murray, commander,
And Gordon, the battle to win;
Like brothers, they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

II

And there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An' he get na hell for his haddin',
The deil gets na justice ava;
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane,
But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

III

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff;
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped;
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord! what's become o' the head?
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey would despise.

IV

And there will be Kenmure, sae generous!
Whose honour is proof to the storm;
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body, e'en let him escape!
He 'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

V

And where is our king's lord-lieutenant,
Sae famed for his gratefu' return?
The billie is getting his questions,
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.
And there will be Douglases doughty,
New-christening towns far and near:
Abduring their democrat doings,
By kissing the tail of a peer.

VI

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead, wha's as guid as he 's true;
And there will be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
A house o' great merit and note,
The deil ane but honours them highly,—
The deil ane will gie them his vote!

VII

And there will be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck;
For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
His merit had won him respect.
And there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabobs, yet men of the first,
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.

VIII

And there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;
And there will be gay Cassencarrie,
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam;

And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
Whase honour was ever his law;
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

IX

And can we forget the auld Major,
Wha 'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys?
Our flattery we 'll keep for some ither,
Him only it 's justice to praise.
And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's guid knight,
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Wha luckily roars in the right.

X

And there, frae the Niddisdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
Teugh Jockie, staunch Geordie, and Walie,
That griens for the fishes and loaves.
And there will be Logan M'Dowall,
Sculduddery and he will be there;
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgering, gunpowder Blair.

XI

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
And hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
And hey for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
He founder'd his horse amang harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

BALLAD III

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

TUNE—*Buy broom Besoms.*

WHA will buy my troggin,
Fine election ware;
Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—
It's thought the gudes were stown.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
In a needle's e'e;
Here's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
Sae was never born.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's the stuff and lining,
O' Cardoness' head;
Fine for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's a little wadset
Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr ;
The crest an auld crab-apple,
Rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle
Sprawlin' like a taed.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast ;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands ;
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?
If to buy ye 're slack,
Hornie 's turnin' chapman,—
He 'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee ;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

BALLAD IV

JOHN BUSBY'S LAMENTATION

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
O' Christ, and ninety-five,
That year I was the waest man
O' ony man alive.

In March, the three-and-twentieth day,
The sun raise clear and bright;
But O, I was a waefu' man
Ere toofa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman join'd
The Murray's noble name!

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nid'sdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had been the yerl himsel,
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenken came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Busbys a'
My gamesome Billy Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Herons' name,
We set nought to their score:
The Douglas and the Herons' name
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglases o' weight had we,
A pair o' trusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
And christening kail-yairds.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whose haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

EPISTLES

FIRST EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A BROTHER POET

January, 1784.

I

While winds frae off Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:

I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursèd pride.

II

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't;
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

III

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile:
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,

But either house or hal'?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We 'll sit an' sowth a tune:
Syne rhyme till 't, we 'll time till 't,
And sing 't when we hae done.

V

It 's no in titles nor in rank:
It 's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It 's no in makin' muckle mair;
It 's no in books, it 's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang:
The heart ay 's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

VI

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how oft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that 's guid,
They riot in excess!

Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell!
Esteeming and deeming,
It a' an idle tale!

VII

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An 's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae other where.

VIII

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest,)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy:
And joys the very best.
There 's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

IX

O, all ye pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!

Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

x

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean!

xi

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin', rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an unco fit:

But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A BROTHER POET

Auld Neibor,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant frien'ly letter:
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair,
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld grey hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke;
Sic haun's as you sud ne'er be faiket,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or Masons;
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink—
The devil haet that I sud ban!—
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while ought 's there
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it 's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She 's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
But for the Muse, she 'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even though limpin' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

'Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much!——' BLAIR.

DEAR SMITH, the slee'st, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye 've cost me twenty pair of shoon
Just gaun to see you ;
And ev'ry ither pair that 's done,
Mair ta'en I 'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She 's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her first plan ;
And in her freaks, on every feature
She 's wrote, 'The Man.'

Just now I 've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle 's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon :
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what 's comin'?

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din ;
For me, an aim I never fash ;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion 's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent;
But still, the mair I 'm that way bent,
Something cries 'Hoolie!
I rede you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye 'll shaw your folly.

'There's ither poets much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
Their unknown pages.'

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave Care o'er side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin, hirplin, owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
An' social noise;
An' fareweel, dear deluding Woman!
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy an' play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim some Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zigzag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, ye Pow'rs! and warm implore,
'Tho' I should wander terra o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour!
And yill an' whiskey gie to cairds,
Until they sconner.

'A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.,
But gie me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm an' cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In arioso trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But, gravissimo, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattling squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang onywhere:
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quit my sang,
Content wi' you to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD

April 1st, 1785.

While briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun an' jokin',
Ye need na doubt.
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?'
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches:
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude and rough :
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire!
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then, though I drudge thro' dub and mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it.
That would be lear enough for me,
If I could get it!

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want a friend that 's true—
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as mony still
As far abuse me.

There 's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me!
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
May be some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin'-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
Syne we 'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish war'ly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

SECOND EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK

April 21st, 1785.

While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For this kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours' bite,
My awkwart Muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She 's saft at best, an' something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we 've been sae busy,
This month and mair,
That, trouth, my head is grown right dizzy,
And something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad:
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

'Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly;
Yet ye 'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly?'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove, I'll prose it!'

Sae I 've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that 's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp;
She 's but a bitch.

She 's gi'en me mony a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig ;
But, by the Lord, though I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I 'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg
As lang 's I dow !

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer,
I 've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
An' muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name ?

Or is 't the paughty, feudal thane,
Wi' ruffled sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheepshank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks ?

'O Thou wha gies us each guid gift !
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide ;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride.

Were this the charter of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate
Beyond remead ;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that 's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began:
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!'

O mandate, glorious and divine!
The ragged followers o' the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

September 13th, 1785.

Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnny,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonny;
Now when ye 're nickin down fu' canny
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sels;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives an' whiskey stills,
They are the Muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
An', if ye mak objections at it,
Then hand in nieve some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then Muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye 're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine year less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe myself in haste
Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE

May 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say 't, I wad be silly,
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I 'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin' terms ye 've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they 're like to be my dead
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She 's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkenned-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to mony a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest!
We 'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing Auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray:
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander
An' no think lang;
O sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The war'ly race may judge an' drive
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive—
Let me fair Nature's face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing brither!
We 've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal;
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,
While terra firma on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT

My memory's no worth a preen:
I had amaist forgotten clean
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this 'New Light,'
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans;
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewin',
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new ane.

This pass'd for certain—undisputed:
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
And ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the Beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
And backlins comin', to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd;
The herds and hissels were alarm'd;
The reverend grey-beards raved an' stormed,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' mony a fallow gat his licks
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hanged and brunt.

This game was played in monie lands,
And 'Auld-Light' caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But 'New-Light' herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruined stick-an-stowe,
Till now, amaist on every knowe
Ye'll find ane placed;
An' some their 'New-Light' fair avow
Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the 'Auld-Light' flocks are bleatin';
Their zealous herds are vexed an' sweatin';
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the moon sa sadly lied on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some 'Auld-Light' herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay a month amang the moons,
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the 'New-Light' billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter';
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH

ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

September 17th, 1785.

While at the stook the shearers cow'r
To shun the bitter blaudin show'r,
Or in gulravage rinnin' scowr
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', and douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she 's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, country bardie,
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Louse Hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin' grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
Their raxin conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.

There 's Gawn, misca't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
Wha sae abus't him.
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they 've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a Muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?

O, Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gie the rascals their deserts,
I 'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud,
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times, I rather would be
An atheist clean
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Juist for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth ;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what!—to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right, an' ruth,
To ruin streight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
Who, in her rough imperfect line,
Thus daurs to name thee,
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
In spite o' foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr ! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound,
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd ;
Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;
An' some, by whom your doctrine 's blam'd
(Which gies ye honour),
Ev'n, sir, by them your heart 's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I 've been,
Impute it not, good sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOLDIE, KILMARNOCK

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS

O Goudie ! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin, looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin Superstition !
Waes me ! she 's in a sad condition ;
Fie ! bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her water.
Alas ! there 's ground o' great suspicion
She 'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she 's got an unco ripple ;
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death ;
See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath !

Enthusiasm 's past redemption,
Gane in a gallopin consumption,
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Can ever mend her.
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief,
But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel,
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
And end the quarrel.

For me, my skill 's but very sma',
And skill in prose I 've nane ava ;
But quietlenswise, between us twa,
Weel may ye speed !
And tho' they sud you sair misca',
Ne'er fash your head.

E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh them sicker !
The mair they squeel aye chap the thicker :
And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
O' something stout !
It gars an owther's pulse beat quicker,
And helps his wit.

There 's naething like the honest nappy ;
Whare 'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy,
'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie,
In glass or horn ?

I 've seen me daez't upon a time,
I scarce could wink or see a styme;
Just ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime,
(Ought less is little),
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
As gleg 's a whittle.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There 's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin',
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black!
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye 're skaithing;
It 's just the blue-gown badge an' claithing
O' saunts: tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I 've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang, ye 'll sen 't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
I 've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danc'd my fill !
I 'd better gaen an' sair't the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a rovin' wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick to the grun',
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for 't ;
But, deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot :
I scorn'd to lie ;
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear !
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, neist year.

As soon 's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I 'se hae sportin' by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye
For 't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three chaps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad 's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time 's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

EPISTLE
TO GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq., MAUCHLINE

RECOMMENDING A BOY

Mossgaville, *May 3rd*, 1786.

I

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
An' wad hae done 't aff han':
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
An' tellin' lies about them:

As lieve then, I 'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
No fitted otherwhere.

II

Altho' I say 't, he 's gleg enough,
An' 'bout a house that 's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' you, he 'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I hae na ony fear.
Ye 'll catechise him every quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' 'Hell';
An' gar him follow to the kirk—
Aye when ye gang yoursel.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday;
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

III

My word of honour I hae gien,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the 'warld's worm';
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form:
I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him;
An' if a Devil be at a',
In faith he 's sure to get him.
To phrase you, an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns:
The pray'r still, your share still,
Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

May, 1786.

I

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

II

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

IV

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still, th' important end of life
They equally may answer;

A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

V

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel, as weel 's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it :
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But, och ! it hardens a' within,
An' petrifies the feeling !

VII

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That 's justified by honour ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

VIII

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border :

Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor!

XI

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser!

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN

Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
Though Fortune's road be rough and hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But take it like the unback'd filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavin whyles we saunter,
Yirr, fancy barks, awa we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some mischanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter,
We're forc'd to thole.

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this vile warl',
Until you on a cummock driddle
A grey-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heav'n send your heart-strings aye in tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon,
A fifth or mair,
The melancholius, lazie croon
O' cankrie care!

May still your life from day to day
Nae 'lente largo' in the play,
But 'allegretto forte' gay
Harmonious flow:
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore! Bravo!

A' blessins on the cheery gang,
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool!

My hand-wal'd curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts!
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts!

But come—your hand, my careless brither—
I' th' ither warl', if there 's anither—
An' that there is, I 've little swither
About the matter,
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I 'se ne'er bid better.

We 've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We 're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonny squad, priests wyte them sheerly,
For our grand fa' ;
But still—but still—I like them dearly—
God bless them a' !

Ochon ! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers
Wi' girnin spite.

But by yon moon !—and that's high swearin'—
An' every star within my hearin' !
An' by her e'en wha was a dear ane !
I 'll ne'er forget ;
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
I 'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,
Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantraip hour,
By some sweet elf I 'll yet be dinted,
Then, *Vive l'amour !*

Faites mes baissemains respectueusè,
To sentimental sister Susie,
An' honest Lucky ; no to roose ye,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth my rhymin' ware 's nae treasure ;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be 't light, be 't dark,
Sir Bard will do himsel the pleasure
To call at Park.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE

GUIDWIFE,—

I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh ;
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn :
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

Ev'n then, a wish (I mind its pow'r),
A wish, that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeding-heuk aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear :
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle!
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye 're connected with her,
Ye 're wae men, ye 're nae men
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:
The marled plaid ye kindly spare
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I 'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.

Fareweel then, lang hale then,
An' plenty be your fa';
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

EPISTLE
TO MR. M'ADAM, OF CRAIGENGILLAN

ON RECEIVING AN OBLIGING LETTER

Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
'See wha tak's notice o' the Bard!'
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

Now de'il-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
I'm roosed by Craigengillan!

'Twas noble, sir, 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection;
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is aye a blest infection.

Though by his banes wha in a tub
Matched Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to guid warm kail
Wi' welcome canna bear me,
A lee dike-side, a sybow tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flowery simmers!
And bless your bonny lasses baith—
I'm tauld they're lo'esome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country!

EPISTLE
TO JAMES TENNANT, OF GLENCONNER

Auld comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How 's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How do ye this blae eastlin win',
That 's like to blaw a body blin'?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'.
I 've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on!
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
An' in the depth of science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal—
What wives an' wabsters see and feel.
But, hark ye, frien'! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, and return them quickly,
For now I 'm grown sae cursed douce,
I pray an' ponder but the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston;
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I 'll grunt a real gospel-groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men:

When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years an' cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
His worthy fam'ly, far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my Mason-billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he 's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I 'm tauld he offers very fairly,
An', Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet;
Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them fashious;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story,
Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you!
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man;
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,—RAB THE RANTER.

FIRST EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY

When Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing element of female souls.
The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis-fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter:
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing and christens it—a Poet,
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends;

A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk;
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that 'the friendly e'er should want a friend!'
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye, who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?

I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So to heav'n's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more!
On eighteenpence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
That, placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

SECOND EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHS

I

FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle 's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

II

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Wha left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlin's;
And, bent on winning borough touns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster louns,
And kissing barefit carlins.

III

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzl'd lions;
As Queensberry 'buff and blue' unfurl'd,
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurl'd
To every Whig defiance.

IV

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star;
Besides, he hated bleeding:
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

V

O! for a throat like huge Mons-meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

VI

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows!)
Led on the loves and graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses.

VII

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps;
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bar'd the treason under.

VIII

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory:
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

IX

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

X

To these, what Tory hosts oppos'd;
With these, what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush'd to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

XI

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
Amid this mighty tulzie!
Grim Horror grinn'd—pale Terror roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shor'd,
And Hell mix'd in the brulzie!

XII

As highland crags by thunder cleft,
When light'nings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle:
As flames among a hundred woods;
As headlong foam a hundred floods;
Such is the rage of battle!

XIII

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers:
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

XIV

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring:
The muffled murtherer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

XV

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
Auld Covenanters shiver.
Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose!
While death and hell engulph thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever!

XVI

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can—
The Tory ranks are broken!

XVII

O that my een were flowing burns!
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing!

XVIII

What Whig but wails the good Sir James?
Dear to his country by the names
Friend, patron, benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!
And Stewart, bold as Hector.

XIX

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe:
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
And Burke shall sing, 'O Prince, arise!
Thy power is all-prevailing.'

XX

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He only sees and hears the war,
A cool spectator purely:
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

XXI

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire!

THIRD EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY

Late crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale),
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade!

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve
They only wonder 'some folks' do not starve,
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that 'fools are fortune's care.'
So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!—
Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

FOURTH EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRAY

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!
I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would, but cannot, speak the rest.

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

ELLISLAND, 21*st Oct.* 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you aye as weel 's I want ye,
And then ye 'll do.

The Ill-Thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld mysel by word o' mouth,
He 'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins, honest Master Heron,
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,
I 'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
Ye 'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
Ye ken yoursel my heart right proud is—
I need na vaunt,
But I 'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord, help me thro' this warld o' care !
I 'm weary sick o 't late and air !
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair :
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I 'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife ;
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie ;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay !
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I 'm yours for aye.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme ;
Where words ne'er crost the Muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles ;

A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through it:
Here, ambushed by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence;
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kenned face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
And aye a wrestlin' leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled?
Oh, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;
Or turn the pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face;
For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' my tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?—
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous mortal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in:
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more:
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

'Alas! I feel I am no actor here!'
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
Whilst sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye,
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display
That veni, vidi, vici is his way.

The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks:
Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen, e'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine—
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even the abuse of poesy abused?
Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd?)

A workhouse! ha, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep!
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?
Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of these sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?

Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we 'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH

WRITTEN AT SELKIRK

Auld chuckie Reekie 's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie 's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco sleight;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
An' trig an' braw:
But now they 'll busk her like a fright,
Willie 's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We 've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie 's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May spout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie 's awa!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace,
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa!

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken,
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',
Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

May I be slander's common speech ;
A text for infamy to preach ;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw ;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa !

May never wicked fortune touzle him !
May never wicked men bamboozle him !
Until a pow as auld 's Methusalem
He canty claw !
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa !

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, ETC.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend !
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.'

ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

ON A FRIEND

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest!
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss,
If there is none, he made the best of this.

ON GAVIN HAMILTON

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or damn'd!

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleas'd wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack;
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death they could na part:
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

A FAREWELL

Farewell, dear friend! may guid luck hit you,
And, 'mang her favourites admit you!
If e'er Detraction shone to smit you,
May nane believe him,
And ony Deil that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him.

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED

Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted,
The maister drunk,—the horse committed :
Puir harmless beast ! tak thee nae care,
Thou 'lt be a horse when he 's nae mair.

ON WEE JOHNNY

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY

Whoe'er thou art, O reader know
That death has murder'd Johnny !
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony.

ON JOHN DOVE

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE

Here lies Johnny Pidgeon ;
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer, persecution,
A dram was *memento mori* ;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He often did assist ye;
For had ye staid whole years awa,
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on his grass,—
Perhaps he was your father.

EPIGRAM ON BACON

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of Bacon, each day in the year;
We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season:
But why always BACON?—come, give me a reason?

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep;—
To hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion!

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT, OF ECCLEFECHAN

OH! had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeanny Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB

Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

ON A HENPECK'D COUNTRY SQUIRE

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd—
The devil rul'd the woman.

ON THE SAME

O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life
Whom we, this day, lament!
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
An' a' been weel content!

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't:
Tak thou the carlin's carcase aff,
Thou 'se get the saul to boot.

ON THE SAME

One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd shown her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

EXTEMPORE ON WILLIAM SMELLIE

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY, AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH

Shrewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear unmatch'd:
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON

We cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:

But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING PALACE

Here Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;

But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
The injur'd Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, no honour lost;
Who know them best, despise them most.

THE REPROOF

Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, The more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS

Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess:
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell!
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

ON INCIVILITY SHOWN HIM AT INVERARY

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord their god, His Grace.

There 's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS

O Thou, whom poesy abhors!
Whom prose has turnèd out of doors!
Heardst thou that groan?—proceed no further,
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring Murther!

ON A SCHOOLMASTER

Here lie Willie Michie's banes;
O, Satan! when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever deils he 'll mak 'em!

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And, if it please Thee, Heav'nly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted, or deny'd,
Lord, bless us with content!—Amen.

ON ANDREW TURNER

In se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner;
But wilily he chang'd his plan,
And shap'd it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

ON WAT

Sic a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damn'd him
When laid in his grave.
'In his flesh there 's a famine,'
A starv'd reptile cries!
'An' his heart is rank poison,'
Another replies.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE

The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cry'd Satan, 'By G—d!
I 'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load!'

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANKS

Honest Will 's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him,
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON, IN CLYDESDALE

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in 't but few;
As cauld a Minister 's e'er spak,
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

LINES ON MISS DAVIES

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

LINES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE, ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE

Searching auld wives' barrels,
Ochon, the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
But—what 'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

ON GRIZZEL GRIM

Here lies with Death auld Grizzel Grim,
Lincluden's ugly witch;
O Death, how horrid is thy taste
To lie with such a bitch!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSLIN

My blessings on you, sonsy wife;
I ne'er was here before;
You 've gien us wealth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.

Heav'n keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM GRAHAM

Stop, Thief! Dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again?

ON MRS. KEMBLE

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

TO MR. SYME

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM

December 17th, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER

O, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human-kind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

ON MR. BURTON

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or *Dem my eyes!*
Who, in his life, did little good,
And his last words were *Dem my blood!*

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET

THERE's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION

SIR,— MOSSGIEL, 1786.

Yours this moment I unseal,
And faith, I am gay and hearty!
To tell the truth an' shame the deil,
I am as fou as Bartie:

But foorsday, sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie.—R. B.

ANOTHER

THE King's most humble servant I,
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I 'll be wi' you by and bye,
Or else the devil's in it.

THE CREED OF POVERTY

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind,—'Be deaf and blind;
Let great folks hear and see.'

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK

Grant me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pain they give;
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS

That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

THE TOAST

Instead of a song, boys, I 'll give you a toast—
Here 's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost—
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heav'n, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I 'll give you—the King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here 's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED 'THE MARQUIS'

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd;
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

EXTEMPORE

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue
Your speed will outrival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you 'll break down on the road
If your stuff be as rotten 's her heart.

ON EXCISEMEN

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlord's rent-rolls? taxing ledgers;
What premiers—what? even Monarch's mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but Spiritual Excisemen?

ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING

FOR A NAVAL VICTORY

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and gie God thanks!
For shame! gie o'er, proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN

TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEETING

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession!
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you;
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If death, then, wi' scaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday ye 'll fecht him.

VERSE

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

LINES ON WAR

I MURDER hate, by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at hame I 'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore,
Are social peace and plenty;
I 'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Than be the death o' twenty.

THE SELKIRK GRACE

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

ON DRINKING

My bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom:
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are griev'd,
This consolation 's given—
She 's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a rose in Heaven.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON

BREWER, DUMFRIES

Here brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He 's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink—
In upright honest morals.

INNOCENCE

Innocence
Looks gaily-smiling on; while rosy pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant: mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss!

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG

NAMED ECHO

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY

What dost thou in that mansion fair?—
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended—in a mire!

TO THE SAME

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD

Bless the Redeemer, Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise;
For had He said 'The soul alone
From death I will deliver';
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever!

ON JOHN BUSHBY

Here lies John Bushby, honest man!—
Cheat him, Devil, gin ye can.

ON BEING SHOWN A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEAT

We grant they 're thine, those beauties all,
So lovely to our eye;
Keep them, thou eunuch, Cardoness,
For others to enjoy.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES

Ye true 'Loyal Natives' attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

ON A SUICIDE

Earth'd up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble—
Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel
To save the Lord the trouble.

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE

He who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS

Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

THE TOAST

Fill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
  Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
  Else Jessy had not died.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS

But rarely seen since Nature's birth,
  The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
  For Jessy did not die.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE

A Fragment

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER AT GEMAPPE, NOVEMBER 1792

The black-headed eagle
  As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and owre howe;
  But fell in a trap
  On the braes o' Gemappe,
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *STAR*

Dear Peter, dear Peter,
  We poor sons of metre,
Are often negleckit, ye ken;
  For instance, your sheet, man,
  (Though glad I 'm to see 't, man)
  get it no ae day in ten.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND

There 's nane that 's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man,
Fal lal, etc.

I

HERE 's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad you wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?

II

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

GRACE AFTER DINNER

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Pow'r above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

ANOTHER

LORD, we thank an' Thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop give the spirit!

TO AN ARTIST

DEAR ——, I 'll gie ye some advice,
You 'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel 's kittle wark,
  Wi' auld Nick there 's less danger :
You 'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
  But no sae weel a stranger.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS

Lord, to account who dares Thee call,
  Or e'er dispute Thy pleasure ?
Else why, within so thick a wall,
  Enclose so poor a treasure ?

THE KEEKIN'-GLASS

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
  Ye ugly glowering spectre ?
My face was but the keekin'-glass,
  And there ye saw your picture !

ON ROUGH ROADS

I 'm now arrived—thanks to the gods !—
  Thro' pathways rough and muddy,
A certain sign that makin' roads
  Is no this people's study :

Altho' I 'm not wi' Scripture cramm'd,
  I 'm sure the Bible says
That heedless sinners shall be damn'd,
  Unless they mend their ways.

TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON

Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt ;
Wi' you I 'll canter ony gate,
Tho' 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Whare birkies march on burning marl :
Then, Sir, God willing, I 'll attend ye,
And to His goodness I commend ye.

EPITAPH ON JAMES GRIEVE

LAIRD OF BOGHEAD, TARBOLTON

HERE lies Boghead among the dead,
In hopes to get salvation;
But if such as he in Heaven may be,
Then welcome—hail! damnation.

ON CELEBRATED LAWYERS

LORD ADVOCATE

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till, in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE

Collected, Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

EPIGRAM TO MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you.

ON CAPTAIN LASCELLES

When Lascelles thought fit from this world to depart,
Some friends warmly thought of embalming his heart;
A bystander whispers—'Pray don't make so much o't;
The subject is poison, no reptile will touch it.'

EPIGRAM ON MRS. RIDDEL

'Praise Woman still,' his lordship roars,
'Deserv'd or not, no matter!'
But thee, whom all my soul adores,
Ev'n Flattery cannot flatter.

Maria, all my thought and dream,
Inspires my vocal shell:
The more I praise my lovely theme,
The more the truth I tell.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL MISS ELIZA J——N

ON HER PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY AND EQUALITY

How, Liberty! girl, can it be by thee nam'd?
Equality too! hussey, art not ashamed?
Free and Equal, indeed, while mankind thou enchainest
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest.

REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDEL

Dear Sir,—At ony time or tide,
I'd rather sit wi' you than ride,
Though 'twere wi' royal Geordie:
And trowth your kindness, soon and late,
Aft gars me to mysel look blate——,
The Lord in Heaven reward ye!—R. Burns.

ON CHLORIS

REQUESTING ME TO GIVE HER A SPRIG OF BLOSSOMED THORN

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloris requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
No, by Heavens! I exclaimed, let me perish if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn!

TO DR. MAXWELL

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY

Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave?—
An angel could not die.

REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A CENSORIOUS CRITIC

With Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
Each other blow, but damn that ass's heel!

SONGS AND BALLADS

MY HANDSOME NELL

O, once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And, whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal lal de ral, etc.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities,
She 's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a'—
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel:
An' then there 's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it 's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul!
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill);
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY

CHORUS

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I 'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

When comin' hame on Sunday last,
Upon the road as I cam past,
Ye snufft, and gae yer head a cast—
But trowth, I care 't na by.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
  Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
  That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt
Ye 'll cast your head anither airt,
  And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye 'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
  Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
  Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark !
  Ye need na look sae high.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

My father was a farmer
  Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
  In decency and order, O ;
He bade me act a manly part,
  Though I had ne'er a farthing, O ;
For without an honest manly heart,
  No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O ;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O :
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O ;
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted fortune's favour, O ;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O :
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ;
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
With fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O :
The past was bad, and the future hid ;
Its good or ill untried, O ;
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
And so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O ;
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
And labour to sustain me, O :
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O ;
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay,
In everlasting slumber, O.

No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O:
I live to-day as well 's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well
As a monarch in a palace, O,
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
With all her wonted malice, O:
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O;
But, as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes gen'rally upon me, O:
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good-natur'd folly, O;
But come what will, I 've sworn it still,
I 'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O:
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

A BALLAD

There were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
An' they hae swore a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae swore a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They 've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe:
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all—
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:

I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely:
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking,
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin' 't wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

LAMENT

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Where the flow'r which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary 's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we 'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far-distant shore;
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

THE MAUCHLINE LADY

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye;

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' ony body,
My heart was caught, before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea!
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

Altho' through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O!
Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O!

PEGGY

Now westlin' winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man, to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy, dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:

Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the fau't?
O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day,
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLYTHE AND FREE

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin you go.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin' weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But, oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel 's mysel.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

GUID E'EN TO YOU, KIMMER

Guid e'en to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
The better that I 'm fou.

We 're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We 're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen broo;
Deil tak Kate,
An' she be na noddin too!

How 's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.

How 's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How mony bairns hae ye?
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

Are they a' Johnny's?
Eh! atweel na:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

MY NANNIE, O

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

O WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE?

I

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
An' be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.

II

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane, and something mair—
I'll go and be a sodger.

A FRAGMENT

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down, to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echo'd thro' the braes.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST

CHORUS

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin?

II

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the eller's dochter?

III

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, etc.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa'?
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
LIBERTY 's in every blow !—
Let us do, or die !

O, KENMURE 'S ON AND AWA

O, KENMURE 's on and awa, Willie !
O, Kenmure 's on and awa !
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
Success to Kenmure's band ;
There 's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here 's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
Here 's Kenmure's health in wine ;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !
O, Kenmure's lads are men ;
Their hearts and swords are metal true—
And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
They 'll live or die wi' fame ;
But soon wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame !

Here 's him that 's far awa, Willie !
Here 's him that 's far awa !
And here 's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that 's like the snaw !

SWEETEST MAY

Sweetest May, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it!

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON

CHORUS

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

I

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

II

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

III

And by thy e'en, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

MY JEAN!

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

A Fragment

CHORUS

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

I

There 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

II

The warl'y race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

III

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O:
An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

IV

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

V

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

ROBIN

I

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy
Rantin rovin', rantin rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin rovin' Robin!

II

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

III

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof—
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.

IV

He 'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He 'll be a credit till us a',
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin.

V

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see, by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

VI

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt ye gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin rovin', rantin rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin rovin' Robin!

HER FLOWING LOCKS

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

MAUCHLINE BELLES

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles;
Ye 're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks—like Rob Mossgiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your veins, and fire your brains,
And then ye're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour"s the jewel for me o' them a'.

YOUNG PEGGY

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;
Her smile is, like the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

HUNTING SONG

I

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

II

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells:
Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring,
And, oh! as she wantoned sae gay on the wing,

III

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite, at her plumage he tried his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

IV

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads, wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men,
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare—
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

'Life's cares they are comforts,'—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d' ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle 's a heav'n of a care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care!

ELIZA

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!

The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE

Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honourèd station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion;
A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border;
Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or witherèd envy ne'er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR

The last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover:
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover.

I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
In circling horrors, yields at last
In overwhelming ruin!

MENIE

I

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be!

II

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

III

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

IV

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

V

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

VI

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blyth waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

VII

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

KATHERINE JAFFRAY

THERE liv'd a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O!
And Katherine Jaffray was her name,
Weel known to many men, O!

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the South Countrie, O!
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be, O!

He 's tell'd her father and mother baith,
As I hear sundry say, O!
But he has na tell'd the lass hersel,
Till on her wedding day, O!

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton,
  Out frae the English border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
  All mounted in good order.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
  On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyrs wanton'd round the bean,
  And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
  All Nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
  Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
  My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
  A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
  Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
  Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
  And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
  Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
  There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
  By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O! had she been a country maid,
  And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
  That ever rose on Scotland's plain:
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
  With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
  The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!—
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

WILL YOU GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;

The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither:
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowèd well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil could ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

BONNIE DUNDEE

O, WHARE gat ye that hauver meal bannock?
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee;
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him hame to his babie and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e bree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
But I 'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;
And I 'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS

CHORUS

O WHISTLE, and I 'll come
To you, my lad;
O whistle, and I 'll come
To you, my lad:
Tho' father and mither
Should baith gae mad,
O whistle, and I 'll come
To you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs,
And let naebody see,
And come as ye were na
Coming to me.

THERE WAS A WIFE

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam;
She brew'd guid ale for gentlemen,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam;
The priest o' the parish fell in anither,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither,
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
But warily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS

I

THERE's news, lasses, news,
Gude news I have to tell;
There's a boat fu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

CHORUS

The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

II

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I 'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.
The wean, etc.

III

I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till'd again.
The wean, etc.

DAMON AND SYLVIA

Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower where mony a flower,
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, Sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET

I

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I 'm fley'd it mak me eerie, Sir.

I 'm owre young to marry yet;
I 'm owre young to marry yet;
I 'm owre young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

II

My minnie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I'm fear'd ye 'd spoil the lacing o't.

III

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
An' you an' I, in ae bed,
In trouth I dare na venture, Sir.

IV

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

CHORUS

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

I

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

II

While o'er their heads the hazels hing
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

III

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

IV

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

V

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

I

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

II

Oh! what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

III

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

IV

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

V

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

STAY, MY CHARMER

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel, to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT

Thickest night, surround my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

[Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
'Tween Mishap and Folly shar'd!
Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure!
Farewell, flattering man's regard!]

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

HER DADDIE FORBAD

Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
Forbidden she wadna be:
She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty guid shillin's and three;
A vera guid tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass with the bonnie black e'e.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

MY HOGGIE

What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembl'd for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

CHORUS

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

I

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

II

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I 'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth 's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

BONNIE PEG

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha came tripping down the street,
But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river;
And, O! that hour and broomy bow'r,
Can I forget it ever?—

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat;
He will spend a shilling,
Or he win a groat.

Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.

Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

THERE WAS A LASS

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the roke she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn,
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blithe and merry 's we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY

I

In coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

II

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry;
And aye, they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

III

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day
Till piper lads were wae an' weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissing Theniel's bonnie Mary.

SHELAH O'NEIL

When first I began for to sigh and to woo her,
Of many fine things I did say a great deal,
But, above all the rest, that which pleas'd her the best,

Was, O ! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neil?
My point I soon carried, for straight we were married,
Then the weight of my burden I soon 'gan to feel,—
For she scolded, she fisted, O then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whiskey, and Shelah O'Neil.

Then tir'd and dull-hearted, O then I deserted,
And fled into regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army, where none e'er could harm me,
Save Shelah herself in the shape of a bomb.
I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas ! and the sharp-pointed steel ;
But, in all my wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found
Aught so sharp as the tongue of curs'd Shelah O'Neil.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair !
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew !
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn !
And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose :
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick—as he grew hale;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they 're crouse and canty baith ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
Glowrin a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch, and baith my shoon ;
And, Duncan, ye 're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin o't !

But, Duncan, gin ye 'll keep your aith,
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !—
I 'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
Duncan, gin ye 'll keep your aith—
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin o't.

THE PLOUGHMAN

The ploughman he 's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo ;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He 's aften wat and weary;
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head—
And O, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou,
Till I met wi' the ploughman.

YE HAE LIEN WRANG, LASSIE

CHORUS

Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye 've lien a' wrang;
Ye 've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

I

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,
Ye 're greener than the grass, lassie;
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

II

O, lassie, ye hae play'd the fool,
And ye will feel the scorn, lassie;
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie.

III

O ance ye danc'd upon the knowes,
And through the wood ye sang, lassie,
But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
I fear ye 've got a stang, lassie.

Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye 've lien a' wrang,
Ye 've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'

Landlady, count the lawin',
The day is near the dawin';
Ye 're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I 'm but jolly fou.

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha 's fou now?

Cog an ye were aye fou,
Cog an ye were aye fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may ye never see!
God bless the king, boys,
And the companie!

WHEN SHE CAM BEN

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbet fu' low,
O when she cam ben she bobbet fu' low,
And when she cam ben, she kissed Cockpen,
And syne deny'd she did it ava.

And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'?
In leavin' the dochter o' a lord,
And kissin' a collier lassie an' a'!

O never look down, my lassie, at a',
O never look down, my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou hast nae silk, and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring :—
'Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night, that knows no morrow!

'O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering ;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I 'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!'

WOMEN'S MINDS

Though women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

CHORUS

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle 's a' that,
The bonnie lass that I lo'e best,
She 'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to thraw that.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
A bonnie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that?

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

BLITHE WAS SHE

CHORUS

Blithe, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
  Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
  As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
  As ony lamb upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
  As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I 've wander'd wide,
  And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
  That ever trod the dewy green.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
  Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
I 'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
  To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We 'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
  We 'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weal, come woe, we 'll gather and go,
  And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
  Tho' some there be abhor him :
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
  And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
  And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
  I 'd die as aft for Charlie.

TO DAUNTON ME

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me so young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain dreeps down frae his red bleer'd e'e,
That auld man shall never daunton me.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK

A rose-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
An' buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blint his e'e;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warld would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';

Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye 're welcome hame to me!

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS

Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks it beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim controul,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE DUNBAR

O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money,
I care na thy kin,
Sae high and sae lordly:

But say thou wilt hae me
For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

STREAMS THAT GLIDE IN ORIENT PLAINS

Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains!
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands:
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without controul,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood:
Life's poor day I 'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
But now he 's banish'd far away,
I 'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR

The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The tailor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
There 's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

SIMMER 'S A PLEASANT TIME

Simmer 's a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of every colour ;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.
Ay waukin' O,
Waukin' still and wearie :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I 'm eerie ;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin' ;
I think on my bonnie lad,
And I bleer my een with greetin.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann ;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan :
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van :
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann!

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
The crystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

BLOOMING NELLY

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lip, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace!
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace!
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs:
But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

THE DAY RETURNS

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her need na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never missed it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME

CHORUS

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me,
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

I

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

II

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

MY BONNIE MARY

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie ;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry ;
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody !
It 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shout o' war that 's heard afar—
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE LAZY MIST

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear !
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues !

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain !
How little of life's scanty span may remain !
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn !
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn !
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
This life 's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

O GUID ALE COMES

CHORUS

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
Guid ale keeps the heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

CHORUS

O MOUNT and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

I

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

II

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

WEE WILLIE GRAY

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat:
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeannie dings them a':
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut (if sic ye ca 't),
Except her love for me;
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een:
In shape and air nane can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That 's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean!

O, CAN YE LABOUR LEA

O, CAN ye labour lea, young man,
An' can ye labour lea;
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
Ye'se never scorn me.

I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi' airl-pennies three;
An' a' the fau't I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labour lea?

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg wad see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

THE RUINED FARMER

The sun he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retirèd to rest,
While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and woe;
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
But misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast,
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet babies in her arms,
No anxious fear their little heart alarms;
But for their sake my heart doth ache,
With many a bitter throe:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest,
I once could relieve the distrest:
Now, life's poor support hardly earn'd,
My fate will scarce bestow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
How welcome to me were the grave!
But then my wife and children dear,
O whither would they go?
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!
For in this world Rest or Peace
I never more shall know!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

THE BANKS OF DEE

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care, and sunk in woe,
To thee, I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Dee, thy banks and braes,
Tho' there Remembrance wake the tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart still fondly dear.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had o' Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel;
On Corsincon I 'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!

By night, by day, afield, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then, I 'd love thee.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing,

How I wad mourn, when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

O! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light!

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY

There's a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa;
For he's bonnie an' braw,
Weel favour'd witha',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue:
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him;
And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy—
But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

AULD ROB MORRIS

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen;
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
And blithe and as artless as lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress,—auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubl'd ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she'd hae smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my destraction no words can express!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

BROSE AND BUTTER

O gie my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.

The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muirhen lo'es the heather;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

O MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE

O MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
And merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy 's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here 's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle!

EVAN BANKS

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan banks with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast!
Who, trembling, heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye;

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs!
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost!
Return, ye moments of delight;
With richer treasures bless my sight!

Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

EPPIE ADAIR

An' O ! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love, and by beauty,
By law and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair !

An' O ! my Eppie
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair !

YOUNG JOCKEY

Young Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa :
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roos'd my een, sae bonnie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma',
And aye my heart came to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a',
And aye he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP

Here around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Tho' the northern wind blaws freezing,
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

CHORUS

Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a',
Time shall see us a' the blither
Ere we rise to gang awa.

See the miser o'er his treasure
  Gloating wi' a greedy e'e !
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
  That around us here we see ?

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
  Ca' his conscience half his own ;
His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
  Tho' he stan' afore a throne !

Thus then let us a' be tassing
  Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame ;
An', while roun' the board 'tis passing,
  Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,
  Frien'ship gies us a' delight ;
Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
  Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

THE BLUE-EYED LASS

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
  A gate, I fear, I 'll dearly rue ;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
  'Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;
  Her lips, like roses, wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
  It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd ;
  She charm'd my soul—I wist na how ;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
  Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
  She 'll aiblins listen to my vow :
Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
  To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Where hae ye been sae brankie, O?
O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An' ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been so cantie, O;
An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen'!
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
'Guid day to you, brute!' he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I lay waukin—
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

Frae the friends and land I love,
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight;
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore:
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilka loyal bonnie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING

Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

CHORUS

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O! to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou loe's nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD

ANOTHER VERSION

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

COME REDE ME, DAME

Come rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,
And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of,
To love a woman duly.

The carlin clew baith up and down,
And leugh and answer'd ready,
'I learn'd a sang in Annandale,
A dark man for my lady;

'But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

'There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows youden,
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.'

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast doon came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, tho' we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame !

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER

When first my brave Johnnie lad
  Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
  That wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten
  A hat and a feather,—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
  Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
  And cock it fu' sprush,
We 'll over the border
  And gie them a brush ;
There 's somebody there
  We 'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
  Cock up your beaver !

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
  And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin ;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
  My tocher 's the jewel has charms for him.
It 's a' for the apple he 'll nourish the tree ;
  It 's a' for the hiney he 'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie 's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller
  He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me.

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

It 's no the frosty winter wind,
  It 's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
  To think on him that 's far awa.
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
  To think on him that 's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
  My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will tak my part,
  The bonnie lad that 's far awa.
But I hae ane will tak my part,—
  The bonnie lad that 's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
  And silken snoods he gae me twa ;
And I will wear them for his sake,
  The bonnie lad that 's far awa.
And I will wear them for his sake,—
  The bonnie lad that 's far awa.

O weary winter soon will pass,
  And spring will cleed the birken-shaw ;
And my young babie will be born,
  And he 'll be hame that 's far awa.
And my young babie will be born,
  And he 'll be hame that 's far awa.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR

I do confess thou art sae fair,
  I wad been o'er the lugs in luve,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
  That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
  Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
  That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy:
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate ere lang, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage humble as humble can be,
But I lo'e the dear lassie, because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I 'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!
And the heart-beating love, as I 'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape, that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But, dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?

She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR

Wha is that at my bower-door?
O, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae yere gate, ye'se nae be here!—
Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay.
I dread ye'll ken the gate again;—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

What may pass within this bower—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay.
Ye maun conceal till your last hour !—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO?

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan' !
Bad luck on the pennie, etc.

He 's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang ;
He 's doyl't and he 's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man !
He 's doyl't and he 's dozin', etc.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows :
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !
He 's peevish and jealous, etc.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan !
I 'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I 'll cross him, and wrack him, etc.

THE BONNIE WEE THING

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

THE TITHER MORN

The tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I 'd see my jo,
Beside me, gin the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expec'
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak the war!
I late and air
Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I 'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind 's at rest,
I 'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair,
I'se aye be there,
And be as canty 's ony.

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, and then, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me:
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee!

LOVELY DAVIES

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whispers inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the show'r, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile 's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes:
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I 'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae puir pund o' tow.

CHORUS

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see 't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I 'll wallop in a tow.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
I 'll partake wi' naebody;
I 'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I 'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend—
I 'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord—
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody;
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

CHORUS

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They 'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam:
But hear'st thou, laddie—there 's my loof—
I 'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

MY COLLIER LADDIE

O WHARE live ye, my bonnie lass?
An' tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.

O see you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy!
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,
And spen' 't at night fu' brawlie;
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME

The noble Maxwells and the powers,
Are coming o'er the border,
And they 'll gae big Terreagle's towers,
An' set them a' in order.

And they declare Terreagle 's fair,
For their abode they chuse it ;
There 's no a heart in a' the land
But 's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather ;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather :
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow ;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow !

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel ;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
I 'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot ;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest :
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays :

The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha would leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessie at her spinning-wheel?

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN

O LUVE will venture in
Whaur it daurna weel be seen;
O luve will venture in
Where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove,
Amang the wood sae green—
And a' tae pu' a posie
To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
The firstling of the year:
And I will pu' the pink,
The emblem o' my dear!
For she's the pink o' womankind,
And blooms without a peer—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
O' her sweet, bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
I 'll place the lily there ;
The daisy 's for simplicity,
And unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
Wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
When the ev'ning star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew
Shall be her een sae clear ;
The violet 's for modesty,
Which weel she fa's to wear—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I 'll tie the posie round,
Wi' the silken band of love,
And I 'll place it in her breast,
And I 'll swear, by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life
The band shall ne'er remove—
And this will be a posie
To my ain dear May.

COUNTRIE LASSIE

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield ;

Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says—'I'll be wed, come o't what will;'
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild—
O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie but, a routhie ben;
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire.'

'For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And well I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.'

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair:
But aye fu' han't is fechtin best,
An hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'

'O, gear will buy ye rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy;
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve bring peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne?'

FAIR ELIZA

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war?

Then let your schemes alone, in the State, in the State;
Then let your schemes alone in the State;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

THE BANKS OF DOON

FIRST VERSION

Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,
And everything is blithe and glad,
But I am fu' o' care.
Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luve was true:
Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine:

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause luver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!

SECOND VERSION

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
How like that rose my blooming morn,
Sae darkly set ere noon!

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae off its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

THIRD VERSION

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou 'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie:
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She 's bow hough'd, she 's hem shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN

O, Lady Mary Ann
Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba';
The youngest he was
The flower amang them a'—
My bonnie laddie 's young,
But he 's growin' yet.

O father! O father!
An' ye think it fit,
We 'll send him a year
To the college yet:
We 'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He 's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
  Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
  And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd
  The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
  Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane
  Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
  And straught was its make:
The sun took delight
  To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
  O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
  When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa
  That we hae seen;
But far better days
  I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie 's young,
  But he 's growin' yet.

FAREWEEL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
  Fareweel our ancient glory!
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
  Sae fam'd in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
  And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
  Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
  Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
  For hireling traitors' wages.

The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES

THERE lived a carle in Kellyburn braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He met wi' the devil; says, 'How do you fen?'
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

'I 've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

'O! welcome, most kindly,' the blithe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
'But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

The devil has got the auld wife on his back ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And, like a poor pedlar, he 's carried his pack ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He 's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Syne bade her gae in, for a b— and a w—,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he maks fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa' :
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
' O, help, master, help ! or she 'll ruin a','
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And to her auld husband he 's carried her back ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

'I hae been a deevil the feck o' my life;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

COMING THROUGH THE BRAES O' CUPAR

Donald Brodie met a lass,
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar;
Donald wi' his Highland hand,
Rifled ilka charm about her.

CHORUS

Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar
Highland Donald met a lass,
And row'd his Highland plaid about her.

Weel I wat she was a quean
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water;
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow,
His haly lips wad licket at her.

Off she started in a fright,
And through the braes as she could bicker;
But souple Donald quicker flew,
And in his arms he lock'd her sicker.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain,
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he 'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

LADY ONLIE

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They 'll step in an' tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Luckie!

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds through the vale;
The primroses blow, in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king, and a father, to place on his throne?
His rights are these hills, and his rights are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched—forlorn,
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

THE SONG OF DEATH

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun!
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave!
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant,—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;—
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands—
Oh! who would not die with the brave?

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides!
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.

Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

AS I CAM O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT

As I cam o'er the Cairney-Mount,
And down amang the blooming heather,
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather.

O, my bonnie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-fared Highland laddie!
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie?

Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;
But he wan my heart's consent
To be his ain at the neist meeting.

O, my bonnie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-fared Highland laddie!
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie?

THE CARLES OF DYSART

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.

THE GALLANT WEAVER

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I 'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I 'll love my gallant weaver.

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O

The bairns gat out wi an unco shout,
The deuk's dang o'er my daddy, O!
The fien ma care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin' body, O!

He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late and early, O!
Thae seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O;
But downa-do 's come o'er me now,
And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form 's fa'n to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN

The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town
And danced awa wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—'Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!'

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was—the deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS

The lovely lass o' Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, 'Alas!'
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
'Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

'Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.'

A RED, RED ROSE

O, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luve!
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

JEANNIE'S BOSOM

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
I reign in Jeannie 's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
King and nations—swith, awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME

Had I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me;
Had Kirk and State been in the gate
I 'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me make nae clatter;
'For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water':
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refused her?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly us'd her?
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her;
When sic a husband was frae hame
What wife but wad excus'd her?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy:
And weel I wat her willin' mou'
Was e'en like sugar-candy.
At gloamin-shot it was I trow,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam thro' the Tysday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Comin' through the rye, poor body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye.

Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the warld ken?

THE WINTER IT IS PAST

The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
And the little birds sing on ev'ry tree;
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,
Ever bright, ever constant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And is every month changing a new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure:
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full o' woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Thro' a' our lassies he did rove,
And reign'd resistless king of love:
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves:

'I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near
Repentance I should buy sae dear:
The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!'

AH, CHLORIS

Ah, Chloris! since it may na be
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

OUT OVER THE FORTH

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN

Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye, my bonnie sel,
The toss of Ecclefechan.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE

The cooper o' Cuddie cam here awa ;
I'e ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
And our guid-wife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly guid-man, O.
We 'll hide the cooper behint the door,
Behint the door, behint the door,
We 'll hide the cooper behint the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi', deil hae her ! and, deil hae him !
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our guid-man has gotten the scorn ;
On ilka brow she 's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

My heart is sair—I darena tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody ;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
Ohon ! for Somebody !
O-hey ! for Somebody !
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody !

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody !
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
Ohon ! for Somebody !
O-hey ! for Somebody !
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody !

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME

When Januar' wind was blawin cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na whare to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, 'Young man, now sleep ye soun'.'

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

'Haud off your hands, young man,' she says,
'And dinna sae uncivil be:
Gif ye hae ony love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie!'

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say,
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, 'Alas! ye've ruin'd me.'

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
I said, 'My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak the bed to me.'

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

SAE FAR AWA

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa:
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh! she is sae far awa.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the Fair sae far awa.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again;
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

THE CARDIN' O'T

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
To make a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

For though his locks be lyart grey,
And tho' his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN

Now haply down yon gay green shaw
She wanders by yon spreading tree:
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

CHORUS

O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest maid's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
The sinkin' sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me, Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart!

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

And here's to them, that like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half sae fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms,
  Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
  He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart!
  O charming Polly Stewart!
There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
  That 's half so sweet as thou art.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
  Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
  Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
  Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His royal heart was firm and true,
  Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
  Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
  Bonnie Lawland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
  Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
  Bonnie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
  Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
  Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go! for yoursel procure renown,
  Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king, his crown,
  Bonnie Highland laddie.

ANNA, THY CHARMS

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heav'n.

CASSILLIS' BANKS

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' mine ain—
Ah! fortune canna gie me mair!
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

TO THEE, LOV'D NITH

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here 's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley.
Wha in a brulzie,
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here 's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley?

HEE BALOU

Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie
An' thou live, thou 'll steal a naigie:
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder:
Herry the loons o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

WAE IS MY HEART

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd:
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I prov'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

Altho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!
O, wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie's he could flatter;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.
But tho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!

MY PEGGY'S FACE

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm:
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heav'nly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lilie's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye ;
Who but owns their magic sway !
Who but knows they all decay !
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

GLOOMY DECEMBER

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care ;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for ever !
Is anguish unmingl'd, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone !
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE 'S GAIRS UPON 'T

CHORUS

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't ;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane ;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady 's white, my lady 's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lover's hymns;
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady 's dink, my lady 's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that 's the lass to mak him blest.

AMANG THE TREES WHERE HUMMING BEES

Amang the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner, aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

MY WIFE 'S A WINSOME WEE THING

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
And neist my heart I 'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I 'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee:
Thou 'rt like themsel' sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

SONG

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeannie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining;
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't—
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
He woos his simple dearie ;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

GALLA WATER

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I 'll be his, and he 'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We 'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

LORD GREGORY

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar ;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r—
Lord Gregory, ope thy door !

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwin-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
  Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
  Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
  At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
  The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
  Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
  And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
  It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
  The simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
  O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
  And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
  O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
  But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

AN IRISH SONG ALTERED BY BURNS

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
  Oh, open the door to me, oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
  Oh, open the door to me, oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is naught to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side
Never to rise again, oh!

YOUNG JESSIE

True-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—
Her modest demeanour 's the jewel of a'!

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I 'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That 's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I 've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I 've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, 'A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge—the dear cockade,
Ye 're welcome for the sake o't.'

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
'Art thou my ain dear Willie?'
'By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love 's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

'The wars are o'er, and I 'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we 're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou 'rt welcome to it dearly!'

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he 's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

BLITHE HAE I BEEN

Blithe hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me.

Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN BRAES

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:

But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie 's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' State,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will blight the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR

While larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:

Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share !
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day ;
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were ;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare :
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny !
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar :
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air !
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !

BY ALLAN STREAM

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi:
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures many;
And aye the wild wood echoes rang—
O dearly do I love thee, Annie!

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, 'I'm thine for ever!'
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow,—we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

ADOWN WINDING NITH

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dewdrop o' diamond, her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth, in the mind o' my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The warld's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I 'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I 'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

DAINTY DAVIE

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I 'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e the best,
And that 's my ain dear Davie.

DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE

[When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
'Gang doun the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.'

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the sweetest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.]

As down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.
With 'Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?'
Quoth Mary, 'Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you.'

BEHOLD THE HOUR

Behold the hour, the boat arrive,
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
'E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.'

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O, tell me, does she muse on me?

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken!

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion—
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou would'st be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

MY LOVELY NANCY

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.
'One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?'

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good-bye, allegiance!
'Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.'

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust.
Think, think, how you will bear it.
'I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy!
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy.'

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I 'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.
'I 'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy.'

FAIR JENNY

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At ev'ning the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees' humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide, what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting God of Day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT

The Kirk and State may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna:
The Kirk and State may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my e'e,—
To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

O WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID

O WAT ye what my minnie did,
My minnie did, my minnie did,
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
And bade gude'en to me, jo.

An' wat ye what the parson did,
The parson did, the parson did,
An' wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loos'd on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man,
He loos'd on me a lang man,
That might hae worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,
A young thing, a young thing,
An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
An' loose a man on me, jo.

JENNY M'CRAW

A FRAGMENT

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the heather,
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither;

Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best.

THE PIPER

A FRAGMENT

There came a piper out o' Fife,
I watna what they ca'd him;
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
When fient a body bade him.
And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair that she forbade him.

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL

A FRAGMENT

The last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmass day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
And the dames danced in the ha':
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS

Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass,
Guid night, and joy be wi' thee!
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear, I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou 'rt aye sae free informing me
  Thou hast nae mind to marry ;
I 'll be as free informing thee
  Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
  Frae wedlock to delay thee ;
Depending on some higher chance—
  But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
  But that does never grieve me ;
But I 'm free as any he,
  Sma' siller will relieve me.
I 'll count my health my greatest wealth,
  Sae long as I 'll enjoy it :
I 'll fear nae scant, I 'll bode nae want,
  As lang 's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
  And aye until ye try them :
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
  They may prove waur than I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
  My dear, I 'll come and see thee ;
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel
  Nae travel makes him weary.

O STEER HER UP

O steer her up and haud her gaun—
  Her mither 's at the mill, jo ;
An' gin she winna tak a man,
  E'en let her tak her will, jo :
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
  And ca' anither gill, jo ;
An' gin she tak the thing amiss,
  E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo;
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo;
That gin the lassie winna do 't,
Ye'll find anither will, jo.

THE FAREWELL

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that 's far awa,
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME

O AYE my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she 'll soon o'er-gang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
Sae cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort at the last,
When a' their days are done, man;
My 'pains o' hell' on earth are past,
I 'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O aye my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she 'll soon o'er-gang ye.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping!

CHORUS

O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that 's the queen of womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted;

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken hearted.

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

O WERT thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

CALEDONIA

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young—
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heav'nly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
'Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue!'
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They 'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore!
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore;
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood:
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then, ergo, she'll match them and match them always.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae,
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I had lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
Here 's a health to them that 's awa;
Here 's a health to Charlie the chief of the clan,
Altho' that his band be but sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success;
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
Here 's a health to them that 's awa;
Here 's a health to Tammie the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here 's freedom to him that wad read,
Here 's freedom to him that wad write!
There 's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
But they whom the truth would indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
Here 's a health to them that 's awa;
Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here 's a health to them that 's awa,
Here 's a health to them that 's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE

O WHA will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man?
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
Or will we send a man-o'-law?
Or will we send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man?
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Another gies them clatter;
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay green-woods amang, man;
Where gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man:
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man:
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonny banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man:
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man:
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
What sparkling jewels glance, man!
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man.

The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like paradise did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man!
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man:
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

MEG O' THE MILL

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
And that's what Meg o' the mill has gotten.
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly?
A dram o' guid strunt in the morning early,
And that's what Meg o' the mill lo'es dearly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married?
The priest he was oxter'd, the clerk he was carried,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was married.
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded?
The groom gat sae fou', he fell awald beside it,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

MEG O' THE MILL

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She 's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
A tocher 's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

THE WINTER OF LIFE

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day;
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay;
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe,
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
O! age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir;
There 's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.

The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
We 'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
For never, etc.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in 't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought;
And wha wad dare to spoil it?
By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By heavens, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
Wha would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Wha will not sing, 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing, 'God save the King,'
We 'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing, etc.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT

O, I am come to the low countrie,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on you hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield:
My Donald and his Country fell
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, O, Donald, O!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me.

BONNIE PEG-A-RAMSAY

Cauld is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

O cauld blaws the e'enin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER

You're welcome to despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to despots, Dumourier;
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville, too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo;
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O!
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

HERE IS THE GLEN

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour—
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis not the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'est me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'est me.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR

'O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?'
I saw the battle sair and teugh,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles:
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baig'nets overpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

'O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chace gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;

And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!'

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blude to spill;
For fear by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

They 've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
And mony bade the warld guid-night;
Say pell, and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew off in frighted bands, man.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego?
He 's on the seas to meet the foe.
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love:
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that 's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that 's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor 's thund'ring at his gun ;
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may—
Spare but him that 's far away !

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can, I weep and pray,
For his weal that 's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet :
Then may Heaven with prosp'rous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that 's far away.

CA' THE EWES

FIRST VERSION

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie !

'Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazels spreading wide
The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

'I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.'

'Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.'

'If ye 'll but stand to what ye 've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.'

'While waters wimple to the sea:
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my ee,
Ye sall be my dearie.'

CA' THE YOWES

SECOND VERSION

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—
My bonnie dearie!

Hark the mavis' e'ening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang!
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We 'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou has stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie!

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—
My bonnie dearie!

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.

Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
Gie me the lonely valley
The dewy eve, and rising moon ;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang ;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang :
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'est me best of a'.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair—
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For O, her lanely nights are lang:
And O, her dreams are eerie;
And O, her widow'd heart is sair,
That 's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar—
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove;
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds and mark the skies!
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go:
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We 'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS

Sleep'st thou, or wauk'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower!
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid!
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When thro' my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

MY CHLORIS, MARK

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale—
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I 've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around, on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie, O?

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We 'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we 'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM

Farewell, thou stream that winding flows,
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst, relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY

HE

O Philly, happy be that day,
When, roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE

The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care na wealth a single flie;
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that 's my ain dear Willy.

BOTH

For a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I dinna care a single flie;
The {lad / lass} I love 's the {lad / lass} for me,
And that's my ain dear {Willy / Philly}.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they 're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' sweet swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom 's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain;
My warst word is,—Welcome, and welcome again!'

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy!

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?
Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear!
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?
O! did not love exclaim, 'Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so.'

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISH'D FRESH AND FAIR

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

CHORUS

Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

Our ancient crown 's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't;
And write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my descriving;
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!

CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.

CHORUS

An' Charlie, he 's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie, he 's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass
The window looking through.

Sae light 's he jumpèd up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel
To let the laddie in.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly well he ken'd the way
To please a bonnie lass.

It 's up yon heathery mountain,
An' down yon scroggie glen,
We daur na gang a milking
For Charlie and his men.

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER

CHORUS

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water:
I 'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she 's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather;
I 'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleer e'e.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE

'WHARE are you gaun, my bonnie lass?
Whare are you gaun, my hinnie?'
She answer'd me right saucilie—
An errand for my minnie.

'O whare live ye, my bonnie lass?
O whare live ye, my hinnie!'—
'By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.'

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
To see my bonnie lassie;
And lang before the grey morn cam,
She was na hauf sae saucie.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawin!
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' a mickle hazel rung
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

'O fare thee weel, my bonnie lass!
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bonnie lass,
But thou hast a waukrife minnie.'

WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE

When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ail'd me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost fail'd me.
She 's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.

She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She 's aye sae blithe and cheerie;
She 's aye say bonnie, blithe, and gay,
Oh, gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining—
I 'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a belted knight,
I 'd be my Jeanie's lover.

She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, etc.

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gain'd sweet Jeanie's favour:
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her;
But gang she east, or gang she west,
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She 'll always find a lover.

She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, etc.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY

Heard ye o' the tree o' France?
I watna what 's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It maks him ken himsel, man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He 's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
Of a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Maks high and low guid friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,
Frae yont the western waves, man.
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works of Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin 's bann'd the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man;

King Louis thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman crack'd his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man:

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledged their faith, man;
Awa they gaed, wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wish'd they 'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine, man.
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree cannot be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we 're to get
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would leeve in peace, man ;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We 'd on each other smile, man ;
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man ;
I 'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man ;
And blithe we 'll sing, and hail the day
That gives us liberty, man.

IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that !

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that :

For a' that, and a' that:
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that!

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET

O LASSIE, art thou sleepin' yet,
Or art thou waukin, I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet:
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate 's the same, jo.

MY NANNIE'S AWA

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it 's delightless—my Nannie 's awa!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie 's awa!

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the nightfa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa!

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa!

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
O, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish?
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror:
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me!
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I 'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter—
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And, to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;—
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinion tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet!

MARK YONDER POMP

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But, did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day?
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

She 's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that 's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that 's in her e'e.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers:
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in Nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the with'ring blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe his dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I 'd known!
The wretch whose doom is, 'hope nae mair,'
What tongue his woes can tell
Within whose bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

THE BONNIE LASS OF ALBANY

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea
That roars between her gardens green,
An' the bonnie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid 's of royal blood,
That rulèd Albion's kingdoms three,
But O, alas! for her bonnie face,
They 've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely name,
Should grace the race of Albany.

But there 's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
We 'll send him o'er his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
A false usurper won the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We 'll daily pray, we 'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
That the time may come, with pipe an' drum,
We 'll welcome hame fair Albany.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR

Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

JESSY

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock't in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree!—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men.
The deuce gae wi 'm, to believe, believe me,
The deuce gae wi 'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying.

A weel-stocked mailen—himsel for the laird—
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin,
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'!

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae, e'en to preserve the poor body his life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they 're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they 're carest.

CARLE AN THE KING COME

CHORUS

Carle, an the King come,
Carle, an the King come,
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carle, an the King come.

An somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main
And every man shall hae his ain,
Carle, an the King come.

I trow we swappet for the worse,
We gie the boot and better horse;
An' that we 'll tell them at the cross
Carle, an the King come.

Coggie, an the King come,
Coggie, an the King come,
I 'll be fou, and thou 'se be toom,
Coggie, an the King come.

AULD LANG SYNE

I

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

II

And surely you 'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I 'll be mine;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

III

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we 've wandered mony a weary fit
Sin auld lang syne.

IV

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne!

V

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine;
And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Halloween

Halloween is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aërial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

'*On Cassilis Downans dance*' (l. 2).

Certain little, romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

'*There up the cove to stray and rove*' (l. 7).

A noted cavern near Colean House called the Cove of Colean, which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

'*Their stocks maun a' be sought ance*' (l. 29).

The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune, and the taste of the custock, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

'*To pou their stalks o' corn*' (l. 47).

They go to the barnyard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the tap-pickle,

that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.

'*When kuitlin in the fause-house*' (l. 53).

When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, etc., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a fause-house.

'*The auld guidwife's weel hoorded nits*' (l. 55).

Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

'*And in the blue-clue throws then*' (l. 98).

Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one, and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread. Demand 'Wha hauds?'—*i.e.* who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

'*I'll eat the apple at the glass*' (l. 111).

Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

'*He gat hemp-seed. I mind it weel*' (l. 140).

Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee; hemp-seed I maw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'Come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing and say, 'Come after me and harrow thee.'

'To win three wechts o' naething' (l. 182).

This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.

'It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice' (l. 201).

Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

'Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn' (l. 214).

You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and some time near midnight an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

'The luggies three are ranged' (l. 236).

Take three dishes, put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future (husband or) wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid: if in the foul, a widow: if in the empty dish, it foretells with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

'Till buttered so'ens wi' fragrant lunt' (l. 248).

Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.

The Whistle

In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

'And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.'

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddell of Glenriddell, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October 1790, at Friar's-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddell, Esq. of Glenriddell, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddell, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

Up in the Morning Early

'The chorus of this song is old; the two stanzas are mine.'

There's a Youth in this City

'This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it a Lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old; the rest is mine.'

GLOSSARY

A

a', all.
abeigh, aloof.
aboon, above, up.
abread, abroad.
abreed, in breadth.
adle, putrid water.
ae, one.
aff-loof, off-hand, extempore.
agley, off the straight, awry.
aiblins, perhaps.
ain, own.
airn, iron.
airles, earnest money.
agee. See *agley*.
airt, direction.
aith, oath.
aits, oats.
aiver, old horse.
aizle, a hot cinder.
alake, alas.
alane, alone.
amaist, almost.
ane, *ance*, one, once.
ase, ashes.
asklent, aslant.
asteer, stirring.
aqueesh, between.
athout, athwart.
attour, moreover, beyond, besides.
aught, possession.
auld-farran, sagacious, prudent.
aumos, alms.
ava, at all.
awa, away, begone.
awn, the beard of barley, etc.
awnie, bearded.

B

backets, ash-boards.
backlins, backwards.
baide, endured, stayed.
bainie, with large bones.
bairntime, family, brood.
bane, bone.
bannock, soft cake.
barley-bree, malt liquor.
batts, botts.
bauckie-bird, the bat.
baudrons, a cat.
bauk, a cross beam.
bawk, a field path.
bawsn't, with a white stripe down the face.
Bawtie, the poet's dog.
bear, barley.
beet, *beek*, to add fuel to fire, bask.
beets, boots.
beld, bald.
belyve, by and by.
ben, spence or parlour.
benmost-bore, innermost hole.
bicker, wooden dish, short race.
bie, or *bield*, shelter.
bien, wealthy, comfortable.
big, build.
biggin, building, house.
billie, brother, a young fellow.
birk, birch.
birken-shaw, birchen-wood shaw.
birkie, a forward, lively fellow.
birses, bristles.
blastie, shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
blate, bashful, sheepish.
blaud, a flat piece, slap.
blaw, to boast; 'blaw i' my lug,' to flatter.
blellum, idle talking fellow.
blue-gown, one of those beggars who got, on the king's birthday, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.

bluntie, snivelling.
blype, a shred, a large piece.
bodle, a copper coin.
bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
boortree, shrub elder.
boost, behoved, must needs.
bow-kail, cabbage.
braik, a harrow.
brainge, to run rashly forward.
brankie, gaudy.
branks, a wooden curb.
brash, a sudden illness.
brats, coarse clothes, children.
brattle, a short race, hurry.
braw, fine, handsome.
braxies, diseased sheep.
brechan, a horse-collar.
breckan, fern.
breef, an irresistible spell.
brent, brand, straight.
bree, brie, juice, liquid.
brunstane, brimstone.
brisket, breast.
brock, badger.
brogue, a hum, a trick.
broose, a race at country weddings; the winner is he who first reaches the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
browst, a brewing.
bruilzie, broil, combustion.
buckskin, a Virginian.
bught, a sheep-pen.
bughtin, collecting the sheep into the fold.
buirdly, stout-made, broad.
bum-clock, the humming beetle.
bummler, blunderer.
bunker, window seat.
bure, bore.
burn, burnie, a small stream.
burnewin', burn the wind, a blacksmith.
buss, bush.
but, without.
but and ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
byke, a hive, a bee nest.
byre, cow-house.

C

cadger, carrier.
caff, chaff.
caird, tinker.
callan, boy.
caller, fresh, cool.
callet, a loose woman, a follower of a camp.
cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
cantraip, a charm, a spell.
cap-stane, cope-stone, topmost stone of the building.
carl, carle, old man.
carl-hemp, the male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior strength and stature, and being without seed.
carlin, a stout old woman.
castock, the stalk of a cabbage.
caudron, cauldron.
cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
cauld, cold.
caup, a wooden drinking-vessel, a cup.
cavie, a hen-coop.
cesses, taxes.
chanter, part of a bag-pipe.
chaup, a stroke, a blow.
cheek for chow, side by side.
cheep, chirp, squeak.
chimla, chimney.
chittering, shivering.
chow, to chew.
chuckie, a brood hen.
chuffie, fat-faced.
clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
clartie, dirty, filthy.
clarkit, wrote.
claught, snatched at.
claut, to clean, to scrape.
clavers, idle stories.
cleckin, a brood of chickens.
cleed, to clothe; *cleads*, clothes.
cleek, hook; *cleekit*, having caught.
clegs, gad-flies.
clinkin, moving smartly, sitting down hastily.
clinkum-bell, beadle, a bellman.
clishmaclaver, foolish talk.
clock, to hatch, a beetle.
cloot, hoof of a cow, sheep, etc.
clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
clout, a cloth, to repair.
cluds, clouds.
clunk, a hollow sound.
coble, a fishing-boat.
cockernony, a lock of hair tied up on a girl's head, a cap.

cod, pillow.
coft, bought.
cog, *coggie*, a wooden dish.
Coila, Kyle.
collie-shangie, quarrel.
cood, cud.
coof, ninny, dullard.
cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
cooser, a stallion.
coost, cast.
coot, the ankle ; a species of water-fowl.
corbies, ravens, crows.
cootie, a small tub.
core, corps.
couthie, kind, loving.
cowe, to terrify, to lop ; a branch of furze.
cowp, to barter, to tumble over.
cowte, colt.
crack, to converse.
craig, *craigie*, neck.
craiks, cries incessantly.
crambo-clink, rhymes, doggrel verses.
cranreuch, hoar-frost.
crap, crop.
craw, crow.
creel, basket.
creeshie, greasy.
crood, to coo as a dove.
crouchie, crook-backed.
crouse, cheerful, courageous.
crowdie, oatmeal, boiled water and butter; sometimes made from the broth of beef, etc.
crowlin, crawling, a deformed creeping thing.
crummie, a horned cow.
crummock, *cummock*, a cudgel or crooked staff.
crump, crisp.
crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
cuddle, to caress.
cuif, same as *coof*.
curch, a kerchief for the head.
curchie, curtsy.
curmurring, murmuring.
curpin, crupper.
curple, crupper.
cutty, short.
cutty stool, or *creepie chair*, the stool of repentance in church.

D

daffin, sport, fun.
daft, merry, foolish, mad.
daimen, rare; *daimen icker*, an ear of corn infrequently.
dandered, wandered.
darklins, in the dark.
daud, to beat.
daur, dare.
daurg, a day's work.
dawd, a large piece.
dawin, dawning.
dawtit, *dawtet*, fondled.
deave, to deafen.
deleerit, delirious.
descrive, to describe.
deuks, ducks.
dight, to wipe.
ding, to push, to surpass, to drive.
dink, neat, trim.
dinna, do not.
dirl, to cause to vibrate by a stroke.
dizzen, or *diz'n*, dozen.
dochter, daughter.
donsie, unlucky, neat, trim, testy.
doodle, to dandle.
dool, sorrow.
doo, dove.
dorty, pettish.
dought, could.
doup, bottom.
dour, sullen, stubborn.
douse, sober, sedate, wise.
dow, am able, can.
dowff, dull.
dowie, melancholy, languid.
downa, cannot.
doylt, stupid.
dozen'd, torpid.
drap, drop.
draunting, tedious.
dreep, to drip.
dreigh, tedious.
driddle, to toddle.
droddum, the breech.
drone, part of a bagpipe.
droop-rumpl't, short-rumped.
droukit, drenched.
drouth, thirst.
drucken, drunken.
drumlie, *drumly*, muddy.

drummock, or *drammock*, raw meal and cold water.
drunt, pet, ill-humour.
dub, a puddle.
duds, rags, clothes; *duddie*, ragged.
dung, *dang*, pushed, stricken.
dunt, to beat.
dush, *dunsh*, to push or butt as a ram.
dyvor, bankrupt.

E

e'e, eye.
een, eyes; evening.
eebree, eyebrow.
eerie, frighted, inspiring dread.
eild, old age.
elbuck, elbow.
eldritch, elvish, frightful.
ether-stone, adder-stone.
ettle, aim.
eydent, diligent.

F

fa', fall, lot.
fa' that, to have or inherit.
faes, foes.
faem, foam.
faiket, excused.
fainness, fondness.
fairin', a present from a fair.
fallow, fellow.
fand, found.
farl, a cake of bread; properly, the third part of a cake.
fash, trouble.
fasheous, troublesome.
faugh, fallow.
faught, fight.
fauld, fold.
faut, fault.
fawsont, seemly.
feal, loyal.
fecht, fight.
feck, quantity.
fecket, waistcoat.
feckfu', stout.
feckless, week, silly.
feckly, almost.
feg, fig.
fegs, faith.
feide, feud.
fell, keen, biting.
felly, relentless.
ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder, a wonder.
fey, doomed to die.
fidge, to fidget.
fiel, very.
fient, fiend.
fier, *fiere*, sound, healthy; a comrade.
fit, foot.
fittie-lan, the near horse of the last pair in the plough.
flaffen, flapping,
flainen, flannel.
flang, flung.
fleech, *fleechin*, to wheedle.
fleesh, a fleece.
fleg, a blow, a movement.
flether, to influence by fair words.
fley, to scare.
flichter, to flutter.
flinders, splinters.
flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
flisk, to fret.
flittering, fluttering.
flyte, scold.
forbye, besides.
forebears, forefathers.
forfairn, worn out.
forfoughten, fatigued.
forgather, to meet.
forgie, forgive.
forinaaved, worn out.
forjesket, jaded.
fother, fodder.
fou, drunk.
fouth, plenty.
fow, a bushel.
frae, from.
freath, froth.
frosty-caiker, the heels of a horse-shoe sharpened and turned down for riding on a slippery road.
fu', full.
fud, a short tail.
fuff, to blow, to puff.
fu-hant, full-handed.
fur, furrow.
fur-ahin, the hindmost horse on the right hand of the plough.
furder, further.
furm, form, bench.

fyke, to fuss.
fyle, to soil.

G

gab, the mouth, to speak volubly.
gaberlunzie-man, wallet-man or beggar.
gae, go.
gaet, or *gate*, way, road.
gairs, slashes.
gang, to go.
gangrel, a wanderer.
gar, to make, to compel.
garten, garter.
gash, sagacious, talkative.
gatty, failing in body.
gaucy, jolly, large.
gaud, goad.
gaudsman, goadsman, driver of plough team.
gaun, going.
gaunted, yawned.
gawky, *gawkie*, foolish or thoughtless person.
gaylie, gaily.
geck, to toss the head in wantonness or affectation.
ged, pike.
genty, elegant.
Geordie, George, a guinea.
get, or *geat*, offspring.
ghaist, ghost.
giglets, laughing girls or boys.
gillie, *gillock*, diminutive of gill.
gilpey, a half-grown boy or girl.
gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.
gin, if, should, whether, by.
girdle, iron plate on which oat-cake is fired.
girn, to grin.
girran, a small horse.
gizz, wig.
glaikit, foolish, light, giddy.
glaive, sword.
glaizie, glittering.
glaumed, grasped, snatched.
gled, hawk, kite.
gleg, sharp, nimble.
gleib, glebe.
gleyde, old horse.
glib-gabbit, loquacious, smooth-tongued.
glint, to peep, sparkle.
glow'r, to stare.
gor-cock, moor-cock.
goavin, walking as if blind.
gowd, gold.
gowl, to howl.
gowf, the game of golf; to strike, as in the game of golf.
gowk, term of contempt; a fool.
graff, grave.
grane, or *grain*, a groan, to groan.
graip, dung fork.
graith, gear, attire.
grape, to grope.
grat, wept.
great, *grit*, intimate, familiar.
gree, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to take the prize.
greet, to weep.
grien, to long for.
grippit, gripped.
groanin'-maut, drink for the gossips at a lying-in.
grousome, gruesome.
grozet, gooseberry.
grumphie, sow.
grun, ground.
grunstone, grindstone.
gruntle, the snout; to grunt.
grunzie, mouth, snout.
grushie, thick growing.
guidfather and guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law.
gully, or *gullie*, large knife.
gulravage, joyous mischief.
gumlie, muddy.
gumption, discernment, knowledge, wisdom.
gusty, *gustfu'*, tasty.
gutcher, grandsire.

H

ha', hall.
ha' Bible, large family Bible.
haddin, house, home, holding.
hae, have.
haet, the smallest quantity.
haffet, the side of the head.
hafflins, half, partly.
hag, mossy ground.
hain, to spare, to save.
hairst, harvest.
haith, a petty oath.
haivers, nonsense.
hal', or *hald*, a place of abode.
hale, or *haill*, whole, healthy, to pull.
hallan, a partition.

Hallowmass, Hallow eve, the 31st of October.
haly, holy.
hame, home.
han, or *haun*, *han's breed*, hand; hand's breadth.
hansel-throne, throne when first occupied.
hap, an outer garment, to wrap, to cover.
happer, hopper of a mill.
hap-shackled, bound fore and hind foot.
hap-step-an-loup, hop-step-and-leap.
harigals, heart, liver, and lights of an animal, pluck.
harkit, hearkened.
harn, coarse linen.
hash, sloven.
hastit, hastened.
haud, to hold.
haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys.
haurl, to drag.
haver-meal, coarsely ground meal.
haveril, one who talks in a foolish manner.
havins, manners, decorum.
hawkie, a cow.
halesome, wholesome.
hearse, hoarse.
hech, an exclamation.
hecht, promised.
heckle, a heckling comb.
hee balou, words used to soothe a child.
heels-owre-gowdie, topsy turvy.
heeze, to lift.
hellim, helm.
herd, to tend flocks, a shepherd.
herry, to plunder.
hessel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
het, hot, heated.
heugh, a crag, a hollow or pit.
hilch, to halt, to hobble.
hiney, honey.
hing, to hang.
hirple, to walk lamely.
histie, dry, barren.
hizzie, hussy.
hoddin, the motion of riding on a cart-horse.
hoddin-grey, coarse woollen grey cloth.
hoggie, a lamb.
hog-score, a distance line in curling.
hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
hoodie-craw, a hooded crow.
hool, husk or shell.
hoolie, slowly.
hoord, hoard, to hoard.
Hornie, a name for the devil.
host, or *hoast*, to cough.
hotch, jerk.
houghmagandie, fornication.
hove, to heave, to swell.
howdie, a midwife.
howe, hollow, dell.
howff, a place of resort, a retreat.
howk, to dig.
howlet, an owl.
hoy, to urge.
hoyse, hoist.
hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughoc, diminutive of Hugh.
hums and hankers, mumbles, and hesitates.
hurcheon, hedgehog.
hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
hushion, or *hoshen*, cushion, old stocking.
huchalled, moving with a hilch.

I

icker, ear of corn.
ieroe, a great grandchild.
ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
ill-willie, ill-natured.
ingine, genius, ingenuity.
ingle, fire, fireside.
ingle-lowe, light from the fire.
I'se, I shall, or will.
ither, other, another.

J

jad, jade.
jauk, to dally, to trifle.
jauner, to talk foolishly.
jaup, jerk, splash.
jillet, jilt.
jimp, to leap; slender, small.
jink, to dodge.
jink an diddle, moving to music.
jinker, a gay sprightly girl; a wag.

jirt, jerk, to squirt.
jocteleg, clasp-knife.
jouk, to stoop, to evade a blow, to conceal.
jow, to jow, the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
jundie, a push.

K

kae, a daw.
kail, colworts or cabbages; broth made from these vegetables.
kailrunt, the stem of the cole-wort.
kain, part of farm rent paid in fowls, etc.
kebars, rafters.
kebbuck, a cheese.
keckle, to cackle, to giggle.
keek, to peep.
kelpie, a water-spirit, said to haunt rivers at night, especially in storms.
kennin, a very little.
kenspeckle, easily recognised.
ket, ketty, matted fleece of wool.
kiaugh, cark.
kilt, to tuck up.
kimmer, a wench; a gossip.
king's-hood, part of the entrails of an animal.
kintra, kintrie, country.
kirn, the harvest feast; a churn.
kirsen, christen.
kist, chest, a counter.
kitchen, meat, relish.
kittle, to tickle.
kittling, kitten.
kiutle, kiutleing, or *kuittle*, to cuddle, cuddling.
knurl, dwarf.
knowe, hillock.
kye, cows.
kyte, belly.
kythe, to discover, to show.

L

laggen, the bottom of a wooden dish.
laigh, low.
lairing, wading, or sinking in mud, etc.
laith, loath.
laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lallans, Scottish dialect, Lowlands.
lan-afore, foremost horse in the plough.
lan-ahin, hindmost horse in the plough.
lane, lone, lonely.
lang, long.
lap, leapt.
lave, the rest, the remainder.
laverock, lark.
lawin, reckoning.
Lawlan', Lowland.
lea-rig, grassy ridge.
lear, learning.
lee-lang, live-long.
leesome, happy, gladsome.
leeze me on, a phrase of endearment; 'commend me to.'
leister, fish-spear.
leugh, laughed.
leuk, a look, to look.
libbet, castrated.
lichtly, lightly, to undervalue, to make light of.
lift, sky.
lilt, tune, a song.
limmer, a mistress.
link, to trip along.
lint, flax.
lint-white, flax-coloured.
lintwhite, linnet.
loan, an open place or lane near a farm.
loof, looves, the palms of the hands.
loot, let.
loun, a rogue, a woman of easy virtue.
loup, leap.
lowe, flame.
lowse, to loose.
lug, the ear, a handle.
lugget, having a handle.
luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
lum, chimney.
lunch, a large piece.
lunt, smoke.
lyart, grey.

M

mae, mair, more.
Mahoun, Satan.

mailin, a farm.
maist, most, almost.
Mally, Molly, Mary.
manteele, mantle.
marled, variegated
mashlum, mixed grain.
mask, to mash, to infuse.
maskin-pat, tea-pot.
maukin, a hare.
maun, *mauna*, must, must not.
maut, malt.
mavis, the thrush.
maw, to mow.
mawn, a basket.
meikle, much.
melder, corn sent to be ground.
mell, to meddle; a mallet.
melvie, to soil with meal.
mense, good manners, discretion.
merle, the black-bird.
messin, small dog.
midden, dunghill.
midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
milkin-shiel, milking-shed.
mim-mou'd, mim-mouthed.
min', to remember; mind.
minawae, minuet.
minnie, mother.
misca', to abuse.
mischanter, mishap.
mislear'd, mischievous.
misteuk, mistook.
mither, mother.
mony, or *monie*, many.
mools, earth, dust.
moop, to nibble.
mou', the mouth.
moudiwort, mole.
muckle, or *mickle*, great, much.
muslin-kail, broth made without beef.
mutchkin, an English pint.

N

na, or *nae*, no.
naig, horse.
nane, none.
nappy, ale.
neuk, nook.
niest, next.
nieve, *nief*, the fist.
nievefu', handful.
niffer, an exchange, to exchange.
nit, nut.
nowte, black cattle.

O

o'erlay, an upper cravat.
ony, or *onie*, any.
orra-duddies, spare rags or clothes.
ourie, drooping, shivering.
outlers, cattle not housed.
ower, *owre*, over, too.
owre-hip, a blow with the hammer over the arm.
owsen, oxen.
oxtered, carried under the arm.

P

pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stones of wool.
paidle, to paddle.
painch, paunch.
paitrick, partridge.
pang, to cram.
parishen, parish.
parritch, porridge.
pat, put, a pot.
pattle, or *pettle*, a stick for cleaning the plough.
paughty, haughty.
pawky, *pawkie*, artful.
peat-reek, the smoke of peat; a kind of whisky.
pech, to pant.
pechan, the crop, the stomach.
pettle, to fondle.
philabeg, or *philibegs*, the kilt; short petticoats worn by Highlanders.
phraise, flattery, to flatter.
pickle, a small quantity, a grain of corn.
pine, pain, trouble.
pit, put.
placad, placard.
plack, a coin, the third part of an English penny.
plew, or *pleugh*, plough.
plisky, trick.
pock, a bag.
poortith, poverty.
pou, to pull.
pouk, to pluck.
pouse, to push.
poussie, a hare or cat.
pout, chicken.
pouther, powder.
pow, the head.
pownie, pony.

preclair, super-eminent.
preen, a pin.
prent, printing, print.
prie, to taste.
prief, proof.
prig, to haggle.
primsie, demure, precise.
propone, to propose.
pund, pound.
pyet, a magpie.
pyle, a grain.
pystle, epistle.

Q

quat, quit.
quech, a drinking-cup of wood, with two handles.
quey, a young cow.

R

ragweed, ragwort.
raible, to rattle, nonsense.
rair, to roar.
raize, to infuriate, to excite.
ramfeezled, exhausted.
ramstam, headlong, forward, incautious.
randie, a rascal.
rantin, noisy, lively.
raploch, a coarse cloth.
rash, rush.
ratton, a rat.
raucle, rash, stout.
raught, reached.
raw, row.
rax, to stretch.
ream, to cream, to froth, cream, froth.
reave, to rove, to rob.
rebute, rebuff, repulse.
reck, to heed.
rede, counsel, to counsel.
red-wud, stark mad.
ree, half-drunk.
reef, *rief*, plenty.
remead, remedy.
reestit, withered.
rickle, rick.
rig, ridge.
rin, to run.
rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
ripplin-kame, flax-comb.
riskit, a noise like the tearing of roots.
rockin', a social gathering.
roon, a shred.
roose, to praise, to commend.
roup, a sale by auction.
roupet, hoarse.
routh, plenty.
row, to roll, to wrap.
rowte, to bellow.
rozet, rosin.
rumble-gumption, common sense.
run-deils, downright devils.
rung, cudgel.
runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
runkled, wrinkled.
ryke, reach.

S

sae, so.
saft, soft.
sair, to serve; a sore.
sark, shirt.
saugh, willow.
saugh woodies, twigs of willow.
saul, soul.
saumont, salmon.
saunt, saint.
saut, salt.
saw, to sow.
sax, six.
scaud, to scald.
scauld, *scawl*, to scold, a scold.
scaur, a cliff.
scone, a flat cake of bread.
sconner, disgust.
scraich and *scriegh*, to scream.
screed, to tear, a rent, to talk volubly.
scrievin, gliding swiftly.
scrimp, to scant; scanty.
scroggie, scrubby.
sculdudrey, bawdry.
shachlet, ungainly.
shair'd, shred, shard.
shangan, a stick cleft at one end.
shaul, shallow.
shaver, a wag, a barber.
shavie, an ill turn.
shaw, to show; a wood.
sheugh, ditch, furrow.
shiel, *shealing*, a shed, a cottage.
shill, shrill.
shog, a shock.
shool, shovel.
shore, to offer, to threaten.
shouther, shoulder.

sic, such.
sicker, steady.
sidelins, sideways.
siller, silver, money.
simmer, summer.
sin, son, since.
sin syne, since then.
skeigh, skittish.
skellum, a worthless fellow.
skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk smartly, a stroke.
skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
skinklin, a small portion.
skirl, to cry, to make a shrill sound.
sklent, slant, turn.
skouth, scope, play.
skreigh, scream.
skyte, to fly with force off or against anything.
skyrin, showy, flaring.
slae, sloe.
slade, slid.
slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
slaw, slow.
slee, sly.
sleekit, sleek, crafty.
sliddery, slippery.
sloken, quench, slake.
slype, to fall slowly over.
smeddum, dust, powder.
smiddy, smithy.
smoor, smother.
smoutie, smutty.
smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
snapper, stumble.
snash, abuse, impertinence.
snaw, snow.
snaw-broo, melted snow.
sned, to lop, to cut off.
sneeshin, snuff.
sneeshing-mill, snuff-box.
snell, *snelly*, bitter, biting.
snick, or *sneck*, latch.
snick-drawing, scheming.
snirt, *snirtle*, snigger.
snood, fillet.
snool, to submit tamely, to sneak.
snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
snowk, to scent or sniff as a dog.
sodger, soldier.
sonsie, lucky, jolly, pleasant.
soom, to swim.
sough, a moaning sound, as wind.
souk, suck.
souple, supple.
souther, *sowther*, solder.
souter, a shoemaker.
sowens, a pottage made with the seeds of oatmeal.
sowp, sup.
sowth, to whistle in a low tone.
spae, to foretell.
spails, chips.
spairge, to splash.
spaul, a limb.
speel, to climb.
spence, the parlour.
spier, to ask.
spleughan, a tobacco pouch made of an animal's skin.
splore, frolic.
sprachled, scrambled.
sprattle, to scramble.
spreckled, speckled.
spring, a quick tune, a dance.
spritie, full of spirits.
spunk, match, fire, spirit.
spunkie, fiery.
spurtle, pot-stick.
squatter, to flutter in water, as wild ducks.
squattle, to sprawl.
squeel, scream.
stacher, to stagger.
staig, young horse.
stang, sting.
stane, stone.
stank, ditch.
stap, stop.
stark, strong.
startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
staumrel, half-witted.
staw, stole.
stech, to cram.
steek, to shut, a stitch.
steer, to molest, to stir.
steeve, compact.
stell, a still.
sten, a leap.
stents, dues.
stey, steep.
stibble, stubble; *stibble rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
stick-an-stow, totally.
stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.

stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
stock, a plant of cabbage or colewort.
stook, a rick of corn.
stoor, hoarse, rough, stern.
stot, a young bull or ox.
stoup, or *stowp*, a liquor measure.
stoure, dust.
stownlins, by stealth.
stown, stolen.
stoyte, stumble, stagger.
strack, struck.
strae-death, death in bed.
straik, to stroke.
strappan, *strappin*, tall, handsome.
straught, straight.
stravagin, wandering idly.
streek, to stretch.
striddle, to straddle.
stroan, to spout.
stroup, spout.
strunt, to walk sturdily.
studdie, the anvil.
stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
sturt, trouble; to trouble or startle.
styme, the faintest outline.
sucker, sugar.
sud, should.
sugh, or *sough*, a rushing or moaning sound.
sumph, blockhead.
Suthron, Southern.
swaird, sward.
swall'd, swelled.
swank, agile.
swankie or *swanker*, strapping fellow.
swap, an exchange, to barter.
swarfed, swooned.
swat, sweat.
swatch, sample.
swats, new ale.
sweer, reluctant.
swirlie, knaggy.
swith, get away.
swither, to hesitate.
swoor, swore.
syebow, a young onion.
syne, since, then.

T

tackets, shoe-nails.
tae, to.
tangle, sea-weed.
tap, top.
tapetless, foolish.
tairge, target.
tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
tassie, a goblet.
tauld or *tald*, told.
taupie, a foolish young woman.
tauted, or *tautie*, matted.
tawie, tractable.
teat, a small quantity.
tent, heed; to take care.
tentie, heedful.
teugh, tough.
thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, household necessities.
thae, those.
thairms, small guts, fiddle strings.
theekit, thatched.
thick, familiar.
thigger, beggar.
thir, these.
thirl, to thrill.
thole, to suffer, to endure.
thowe, thaw.
thowless, lazy.
thrang, throng.
thrapple, windpipe.
thraw, to twist, to thwart.
thrawn, twisted, obstinate.
threap, to assert obstinately.
threteen, thirteen.
thristle, thistle.
throu'ther, pell-mell (throughither).
thummart, pole-cat.
till't, to it.
timmer, timber, material.
tine, or *tyne*, to lose; *tint*, lost.
tirl, to tap, to make a tremulous sound.
tocher, dowry.
tod, a fox.
too-fa' o' the night, the fall of night.
toom, empty.
toop, tup.
toss, a toast.
tosie, tipsy.
touzling, rumpling.
tow, a rope.
towmond, a twelvemonth.
towzie, rough, shaggy.

toy, female head-dress.
toyte, to totter.
trams, shafts of a cart or barrow.
trashtrie, trash.
trews, trousers.
trig, neat.
trinle, *trintle*, the wheel of a barrow.
trinklin, trickling.
troggin, goods.
trowth, truth.
tryste, appointment, cattle market.
tug, raw hide.
tulzie, a quarrel.
twa, two.
twal, twelve; *twal pennie worth*, a pennyworth (sterling).
twin, to rob.
twistle, twist.
tyke, dog.
Tysday, Tuesday.

U

unco, remarkably, uncommonly.
uncos, news.
unfauld, unfold.
unkenn'd, unknown.
unsicker, uncertain.
unskaithed, unhurt.
urchin, hedgehog.

V

vauntie, proud.
vera, very.
virl, ring.
vogie, vain.

W

wa, wall.
wabster, weaver.
wad, would, wager, wed.
wadna, would not.
wadset, a mortgage.
wae, woe.
waesucks, alas.
waft, woof.
wair, to spend.
wale, choice, to choose.
walie, ample, large; alas.
wame, the belly.
wanchancie, unlucky.
wanrest, *wanrestfu'*, restless.
wark, work.
wark-lume, a tool.
warl' or *warld*, world.
warlock, wizard.
warly, worldly.
warran, warrant.
warsle, *warstle*, wrestle, struggle.
warst, worst.
wastrie, waste.
wat, wet; *wat*, *wot*, know.
wauble, wobble.
waught, draught.
waukin, awake.
waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth.
waukrife, wakeful.
waur, *waur't*, worse, worsted.
wean, child.
weason, weasand.
wee, little.
weel, well.
weet, wet.
we'se, we shall.
wha, who.
whaizle, to wheeze.
whalpit, whelped.
whang, a large piece.
whare, where.
wheep, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small beer.
whid, a lie.
whiddin, scudding.
whigmeleeries, crotchets.
whilk, which.
whingin, whining.
whirligigums, flourishes.
whissle, a whistle, to whistle.
whisht, silence.
whitter, a draught.
whittle, knife.
whunstane, whinstone.
whyles, whiles, sometimes.
wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction—a term in curling.
widdifu', gallows-worthy.
widdle, wriggle.
wiel, eddy.
wight, stout.
willyart, wild.
wimple, to meander.
winnin, winding.
winna, will not.
winnock, window.
wintle, stagger, to reel.

wiss, wish.
winze, a curse.
wonner, wonder.
woo', wool.
woodie, a rope.
wooer-babs, loops knotted on the garter below the knees.
wordy, worthy.
worset, worsted.
wud, wild, mad.
wumble, wimble.
wraith, spirit, ghost, the apparition of a living person, foreboding death.
wrang, wrong.
wyle, to entice.
wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
wyte, blame.

Y

yell, dry.
yerk, jerk.
yestreen, last night.
yett, a gate.
yeuk, to itch.
yill, ale.
yin, one.
yird, earth.
yont, *ayont*, beyond.
yowe, ewe.
yowie, diminutive of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.

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